

ONE SHILLING.

No. XXXII.

DECEMBER.



LONDON: W. KENT & CO.

MDCCLXIV.

[The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.]

THE

Br

AN

CL

LI

M

PA

M

T

T

T

C

# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE.

## CONTENTS.—DECEMBER 1864.


	PAGE
BITTER SWEETS: A LOVE STORY, BY JOSEPH HATTON, . . .	113
CHAP. XIII.—THE GREYS.	
„ XIV.—“WAITING UP.”	
„ XV.—THE COUNTING-HOUSE AND THE HOSPITAL.	
„ XVI.—THE MAY QUEEN.	
„ XVII.—BEHIND THE MASK.	
AN OLD WORLD RAMBLE IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, BY	
HESPERUS, . . . . .	145
CLYTEMNESTRA, . . . . .	150
LIGHT AND SHADE, BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, . . .	151
MORE SALUTATIONS, . . . . .	157
PAUL ROMAINE, BY THE AUTHOR OF “SAINT FRIDESWIDE’S,” . .	159
CHAP. X.—THE SUMMER TERM.	
„ XI.—A DARK PROCEEDING.	
„ XII.—PAUL ROMAINE’S SUMMER HOLIDAY.	
MY SCHOOL, BY AN OLD BOY, . . . . .	185
TRUTHFULNESS, BY LEILA, . . . . .	197
THE LAUREATE’S LAST EFFORT, BY GWYNETH, . . . .	199
THE SNAGGLETION LETTERS, . . . . .	209
LETTER IV.—MISS PRISCILLA SNAGGLETION UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.	
CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS, . .	212

EDINBURGH: THE CALEDONIAN PRESS.

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

\* \* The FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH VOLUMES of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle Magazine*" may now be had, handsomely bound in Embossed Cloth, gilt edges, price Seven shillings and sixpence.

For the convenience of Subscribers Embossed Cloth Covers for the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Volumes are sold separately, price One Shilling each. By post, Fourteen pence.

 All communications for the Editor, and all letters on business matters, should be sent direct to the Publishing Office, 31 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of rejected Contributions. Authors are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.*

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

# THE THISTLE.

DECEMBER 1864.

## BITTER SWEETS:

A LOVE STORY.

BY JOSEPH HATTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE GREYS.

WE take up the thread of our story after an interval of four years.

On the death of Mr. Mountford, Mrs. Grey, to, whom the good old gentleman had bequeathed £1000, went to Maryport to live with her two sons, Richard having been taken into the counting-house of Welford & Co., as a junior clerk. Francis Grey had received rapid promotion. Indeed, he filled up the vacancy, left by the junior partner, so successfully that the three partners had talked together about holding out to him the prospect of a partnership, at some future day. Frank was therefore enabled, with his mother's assistance, to provide a very comfortable home for the family. After making himself acquainted with the interiors of nearly every house in the western suburb of Maryport where "To Let" appeared in the windows, he had decided upon Tristram Lodge, Purdown. The Maryport people take special delight in giving their houses high-sounding titles. They discard numbers altogether. Whole rows of residences, which a stranger would expect to find numbered, have distinct names and titles. It was in a row that Frank had picked out the lodge aforesaid. First there was Hampton House; next came Florence Cottage; followed by Gordon Villa, which was cheek by jowl with Dot Cottage, and contiguous to Tristram Lodge.



It was a pleasant row enough. Each house, or cottage, or lodge, or villa, had a pretty little patch of garden, walled in and separated from the neighbouring gardens, on either hand. At the bottom of each garden was a high wall, in the centre of which was a door, and in the centre of the door a wicket, through which curious people could peep and see the centre door of the house. Purdown was on the side of a sloping hill, overlooking the city, and high enough to be tolerably free from the smoke which hung, in a cloud, over the house-tops and chimneys and churches, that appeared on all hands as far as you could see, unless you were very long-sighted, and could catch a glimpse of the fields, upon which the clouds rested, in the far-off distance. A vine climbed up the front of the house and hung about the ledge of the little drawing-room window, on the second storey. For Frank *would* have a drawing-room. Mrs. Grey had resisted it, and Richard had ridiculed the idea of occupying any room but the kitchen. It was a pretty little kitchen certainly, looking out upon a portion of the garden; but Francis Grey pitied Richard's bad taste, and furnished not only what he called a drawing-room, but a dining-room also. It is true the furniture was not very costly, but it was good, and the cabinetmaker had readily consented to receive his bill by quarterly instalments. In the dining-room there was a mahogany side-board (a little too light in colour), a table with removable leaf, a couch, and six chairs to match. These, arrayed upon one of the best Kidderminster carpets, were partially reflected in a very tall chimney glass, in front of which stood a dying gladiator, in bronze, and two china vases. The drawing-room was an attempt at a miniature representation of the grand drawing-room of Samuel Welford, Esq., who had once had Frank up to his house, on some urgent business, and had shown him his portfolios. Frank's imitation, however, was only on a very small scale, though the room was certainly a pretty little apartment of its kind, filled with "a superior suite of walnut drawing-room furniture in blue damask" (as it was described in Frank's bill of particulars), several ottomans, sundry rugs, various pictures, two mirrors, a few statuettes, and a large amount of drapery.

This luxurious apartment was only used on Sunday evenings. On other nights in the week it was Frank's delight to stretch his legs across the dining-room hearth-rug, as he read his favourite books, or talked to his mother. For Richard Grey seldom went home until late, and he felt little or no sympathy in the conversations or studies of his brother. Both Frank's books and his talk, Richard said, were too slow and too stiff. For his own part he thought "Robin Hood," and "Hans of Iceland," and the "Mysteries of London," altogether superior to "Waverley," and the "Man of Feeling," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." But of course Frank had his own opinion, and he was quite welcome to it.

Mrs. Grey secretly admired what she thought was a higher spirit on the part of Richard. She could not help acknowledging to herself that Frank was rather dull company, and that his aims were too much above



his position. Richard would come home full of life and spirits, telling his mother all sorts of funny anecdotes, which he had picked up in the city, and shaking his brown curly locks with laughter. Frank would come home in capital humour, but in a much quieter mood, and would take the earliest opportunity of burying himself in a book. Richard had grown as tall as Frank, and looked quite a man, with his broad shoulders and his stalwart frame. Frank was darker, and what the world would call more gentlemanly in appearance, being a marked contrast, in this latter respect, to his brother. You might have taken Frank for the private secretary of some law Lord; whilst you would have put Richard down as a farmer's son with sporting predilections.

"I'll tell you what, mother," said Richard one evening, "I shall not stop in that humbugging counting-house any longer."

"Oh, nonsense, Richard," replied Mrs. Grey, looking up from her sewing. Frank had not come home for the evening. Mrs. Grey seldom sewed when Frank was at home. "Nonsense, Richard."

"It is not nonsense, mother, it's fact. What's the good of a fellow wasting his life in filling up forms about ships, and posting letters. I shall drop it. It's all very well for Frank, who can be a large card, and do the swell business up in his own room, and be invited now and then to Welford's swell place at the Elms."

"Richard, you forget that Frank has been in the establishment much longer than you, and that poor Mr. Thornhill was very friendly and kind to him."

"No I don't—I don't forget, and that is one of the reasons why I shan't stop. I shall never have the chance of getting on at Welford's as he has; and I mean to look out for another berth. I should like to go for a sailor or a soldier." And the lad threw himself down all his length on the sofa, and looked a most tempting subject for the recruiting officer.

"My dear Richard, you frighten me with such talk: do promise me you will not think of enlisting, or going to sea; do promise me," and Mrs. Grey went to her son, knelt down by his side, and patted his cheek. "Promise me that."

"I shan't," said Richard, pushing his mother's hand away. "Don't be silly, mother: you are always asking me to promise something or the other. Promise you'll be in at ten, Richard; or promise you will not make a friend of that Peter Foster; or promise not to stay away from dinner again; or promise something or other, always."

"Well, but Richard, you know—" "No, I don't know, mother, and I ain't agoing to know; I've been made fool enough of, what with Frank and you; and I shall drop it, I tell you."

"I know Frank is proud, Richard, and has his whims and oddities; but then, you know, he is very kind and considerate, and has been a good son."

"Oh, yes, that's all right as far as it goes, mother; but if you were me—look at my big arms—if you were me, would you like to be stuck in a counting-house all your life figuring about with a pen?"

"Well, my dear Richard, I daresay it is irksome, and we will see if something cannot be done. Your spirits are too great for it; but don't be rash."

"See if something cannot be done! I ain't going to have Frank and you worrying yourself about it at all. Frank's not to be bothering about me. I'll get something for myself, and I won't be humbugged."

"Why, what a strange mood you have come home in, Richard; you who are so merry and so full of fun."

"I can't help it. I don't mean any harm to you, mother," and Richard put his arm, in a rough kind of affectionate way, upon his mother's shoulder; "but I tell you I shall stand this no longer. And what have you to say against Peter Foster?"

"Well, your brother does not like him."

"Oh, hang my brother; Frank's not my keeper, I suppose, is he?"

"Frank does not think Peter Foster a suitable acquaintance for you. You should give way a little to Frank; he is older than you are, and has had more experience."

"Why, Peter Foster is as good as Frank any day. His father's a chemist and druggist, and keeps three or four assistants, and a horse, which Peter says I can ride when I like."

"But he is too old for you, Richard—you always seem to like to be with persons so much in advance of your years; but I suppose that is because you are so tall;" and the fond mother looked with admiration upon her wilful son.

"So much older! Why, he's only twenty-three, and I'm nineteen next birth-day. Hark! By Jove, that's his voice."

"You are not going out again to-night, Richard?" said Mrs. Grey appealingly.

"Why not? It's only nine o'clock, and Frank's out? I wish you wouldn't bother me in that way, mother. Why can't I go out again if I like?"

Mrs. Grey looked at the clock on the mantel-piece, and the time was later than Richard had said.

"Sarah, Sarah," shouted Mrs. Grey's youngest son, going to the door, "tell Mr. Foster to come in."

"I was just doing so," said a young man, not so tall as Richard, but looking at least ten years older. "How do you do, Mrs. Grey?—pretty well this evening?—that's right—just going past to take a quiet stroll, and one cigar—thought I'd look in and see if Dick had come home."

"All right, my boy," said Richard, before his mother had time to speak, "all right, I'm your man."

No wonder Frank Grey had not a high opinion of Peter Foster. He was a dissipated-looking fellow, not, however, without a dash of the

gentleman about him. He was well dressed, wore a blue and white spotted neck-tie and a large pin, carried a cane under his arm, and assumed a medical student air. For truth to tell he was a medical student, and likely to remain so for a very long period. But for his father, however, who was much respected in Maryport, we question whether he would not long since have been expelled from the Maryport college, which was in the height of its prosperity at the period of our story.

Peter Foster had small blue eyes deeply sunk in his head, and circled by a little blue rim. His cheeks were red, but not the red of health, and he wore a short beard, carefully trimmed. When he spoke you felt that he was a hollow selfish, reckless fellow; that he could be a very jolly companion with one who could in any way administer to his pleasures, that he would consider his own feelings above any other's, and that he drank and smoked to the serious detriment of his health.

"Where shall we go, Dick?" said Peter Foster, when they were out in the Maryport streets.

"Oh, I don't care," said Richard taking long pulls at a very strong cigar.

"To the 'Bowers of Harmony?'"

"If you like."

Peter Foster did like, and away they went, swaggering along arm in arm, turning down back streets and coming out again into broad ones, until at last they stood before a mysterious looking house with half-closed windows on each side of an open door-way, dimly lighted. Several women, gaudily dressed, stood talking in a high key under the winking lamp above the door. Peter Foster tapped one of the women very familiarly on the shoulder, with his cane, and passed into the "Bowers of Harmony," commonly called "Keems's Chop-House."

Right and left, on entering, were counters at which females highly painted and decorated served other females and sundry gentlemen with glasses of spirits. Further on was a rather extensive hall, in which there were a number of respectably dressed persons of both sexes, listening to a stout, fluffy personage, in a white neck-tie, singing a very sentimental tenor song. This was followed by a nigger dance, which was loudly applauded and encored.

Peter Foster and Richard Grey paused, for a few minutes, at the counter and partook of something, which Peter said was best taken neat; and then they walked forward to the singing saloon. The chairman, who was smoking a long pipe, and sitting in a tall seat near the orchestra, bowed most graciously to Peter and his friend as they pushed their way into proximity with The Chair. Mr. Foster shook hands with "The Chair," and seats were quickly at the disposal of the two new comers, who were apparently well-known by other persons in authority besides the chairman.



"Anything new to-night, Crib," said Peter Foster, after a pause.  
 "Well, no, nuffin' as I knows on; the baritone is a coming out with his 'Death's Head and Cross Bones;' but you 'eard the ballad in rehearsal."

"Ah—not a bad song—Sam wants more of a chest voice for it—but not bad by no means—no—who's that girl in the pink bonnet, Crib?"

"Don't know her," says The Chair, taking the pipe out of his mouth and looking round. "You're a wicked 'un, Peter, you are; but here's Jeffs;" and then the chairman rose and announced, as was his wont, the title of the next song—"Keems' Harmonic Bowers,' ladies and gentlemen, by Mr. Jeffs."

"Hear, hear," shouted several voices, amidst clapping of hands and thumping of tables.

Mr. Jeffs was a little round-faced man, who did the serio-comic business of the "Bowers," and the song which he sang had been specially composed by himself, and had been printed for sale "by all music-dealers," with his own portrait as the frontispiece. It was a song very much in favour at the Bowers, each second verse being repeated as a chorus; the company knocking each other's glasses together in a famous concluding stanza. The ballad is too long to be printed in this history; but we may be pardoned for giving the closing verses as an indication of the class of song most acceptable to the company of which Peter Foster was a distinguished member.

Let's be merry while we can,

Every jovial fellow,

Ne'er a lad will be a man

Unless he's sometimes mellow.

Fill your cups up to the brim,

Drain your flowing glasses,

Down with him, who, sink or swim,

Will not pledge the lasses.

(Repeat as Chorus.)

Life becomes a merry game,

When Bacchus joins Appollo,

What is wealth, or what is fame,

To those who boldly follow

In the tracks the gods have made,

Strewn with grapes and flowers?

Cheer up, my lads! For who's afraid?

In Keems' Harmonic Bowers.

(Repeat as Chorus.)

The last lines were repeated three times by the audience, who cheered their defiant reference to a futile attempt of some city magistrates to close the establishment.

As time wore on, the room became crowded, and the atmosphere vitiated with gas and tobacco smoke. Richard Grey, who had been there several times previously "for an hour or so," with Peter Foster, who had



been an *habitué* of the Bowers for years, began to feel the effects of the smoke and the brandy and water. Peter Foster had been deputed by the chairman to rise and announce the next song, and did so with a flushed face and in a husky voice; whereupon a *blasé* looking woman, in a low dress, came forward and screamed out some half-dozen verses of a prurient semi-sentimental ditty, with the words of which we shall not sully these pages.

Meanwhile, considerable laughing and shouting about the counters at the entrance of the saloon had tended much to the disturbance of the singing, and had elicited sundry requests for "order" by the chairman. Richard Grey, whose head was muddled with wine and smoke, angrily shouted "Order—order." Counter-cries of "The Duke," "It's only the Duke," arose from the lower part of the saloon, where a thick well-built man was pushing his way, in company with what a novice would have said were two ladies of the highest fashion.

"Hang the Duke; who cares for the Duke," said Richard Grey, flourishing his right arm above his head; "let the Duke shut up and not disturb other people."

"Hear, hear," shouted several shabby-genteel gentlemen, who, even in this den of infamy, envied the popularity of the individual in question. "Chair, chair," cried the chairman, and the performances were brought to a stand-still.

By the aid of sundry waiters "the Duke" forced his way to a sort of private box, overlooking the stage, where the two ladies took their seats and looked at Richard through opera-glasses. Dick, though he had resumed his seat, still persisted in saying: "Hang the Duke," "Blow the Duke," "Who cares for the Duke?" until it was he who had now to be called to order.

"Who is this fine fellow who wishes the Duke such a disagreeable end?" said Winford Barnes, coming forward to the chair; for Winford Barnes had for some time been known as "the Duke" at the Bowers, having gained this title through his lavish expenditure of money, and his general extravagance. "Who is my friend with the curly hair?" said Winford.

"No friend of yours," said Richard, looking up and seeing several Dukes at once; "no friend of your's, blow you."

"Oh! but we will be friends," said Winford quietly, "what will you have?"

"Nothing at your expense," said Peter Foster, who was jealous of the Duke.

Richard was not jealous of any one; he was intoxicated.

"Go on—go away," said Richard, "go away, Duke. Ah! ah! a pretty Duke, upon my life, much more like a prig."

This sally raised a great laugh, in the vicinity of the chair, against Winford, although the Baritone was singing his "Death's Head and Cross Bones," and rattling the latter in a very grotesque dance.

"Come, fair words, fair words," said Winford, who had not long left the pleasures of the dinner table, "fair words, or foul blows may follow," and Winford's eye sparkled angrily.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the chairman, as Richard Grey rose and met Winford's threat with a defiant look.

"Don't interfere, Jack Crib—the affair will be over in a minute," said Winford. "You have used words unbecoming a gentleman; sir, I must request your card."

"Card, be hanged!" said Richard, "I've no card."

"There's mine, sir," said Peter Foster; "that will do all the same."

Winford Barnes took Foster's card and threw it from him, contemptuously.

Foster was about to pick it up, but was prevented by Richard Grey.

"Pick that card up," said Richard to Winford, leaping over the seat and confronting the Duke, "pick it up."

Here several persons rose and crowded about the disputants, and the confusion extended to the furthest end of the room. Above all the din could be heard Richard Grey vociferating, "Pick up that card."

In a sudden moment of passion, aroused by the defiant and contemptuous opposition of this "big boy," as he had sneeringly called Richard, Winford Barnes seized him by the collar to eject him from the room.

Richard, like a young Hercules, wrested himself from Winford's grasp (though, in doing so, he left part of his collar in his adversary's hand), and in a moment sent Winford sprawling over a table, amongst glasses of brandy, and bottles of beer, and broken pipes, and cigar ashes. A round of applause greeted Richard's performance; but it had scarcely commenced when the two ladies from the private box rushed upon him, with dire intent. At the same moment a strong hand seized the "big boy" by the collar, and bursting through the orchestra door, dragged him beneath the stage, along a dark passage, past some stairs at the top of which there was a great noise of men and women talking, and out into the open air.

"I thought *I* could manage you," said a voice which Richard immediately recognized. "You may thank your stars, my lad, that I followed Master Barnes to-night."

"Why, it's Mat," said Richard, who was sobered by the sudden fight and the cry of police. "How came you there?"

"Never mind that just now, come along here," and Mat drew Richard into an archway where they could command a view of the entrance to the "Bowers of Harmony" without being seen. There was a crowd round the door, and by and bye a stretcher was brought, and Winford Barnes was laid upon it.

"They are taking him to the hospital," said Mat, "it was a stunning whack you gave him."

Richard felt a deadly sickness of fear come over him, when Mat added: "Perhaps you've killed him."

"Three policemen came out after the stretcher, with Peter Foster and the chairman in custody.

"There, we've seen enough," said Mat, taking Richard by the arm and leading him to the quay adjoining. "It was lucky I was there, very; you'd ha' been in the hands of the beaks if I hadn't."

Mat Duncan, who was dressed in a different costume to that which he wore when first we introduced him to our readers, but who still looked half-landsman, half-sailor, conducted Richard to the quay amongst the shipping. Richard went along, in a sort of stupor, with one hand in his pocket. They made their way through sheds full of packages and hampers, over baulks of timber, past cranes, and over chains and anchors, until they were almost out of the lamplight; until the sky looked clearer above them, and the masts of the vessels appeared to grow taller. At length Mat put his foot upon a plank, and motioned Richard to follow, cautioning him as he did so to be careful of his footing. Over the plank, across a steamer, over a Dutch brig and an American cutter.

"All right—master of the *Harry*," said Mat to several dock watchmen who had intercepted their way; and now he cried "Halt" to Richard.

"Here we are," said Mat, "you must sleep here to-night—they'll never think of looking for you on board Winford Barnes's yacht."

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### "WAITING UP."

Mrs. GREY was nursing her foot and her thoughts when Frank Grey returned.

"Well, mother," said Frank, going up to her and taking her face between his hands and kissing it, "how much for your thoughts?"

"They would not be profitable to buy, Frank—not by any means a good investment, as you would say."

"Come, come, mother, no sad thoughts—cheer up, cheer up! Where's Dick?"

"He went out for a little walk, a few minutes since."

"Alone?"

"Don't be too inquisitive, Frank."

"Well, I will not, mother; but I very much fear Dick is giving you, as well as myself, cause for uneasiness. He left business to-day an hour before the time for closing."

Mrs. Grey went on nursing her knee, and sighed. "Ah Frank," she said, "I fear we are a divided house."

"Nonsense, mother, you are sad to-night, and see things through shadows."

Mrs. Grey was annoyed with herself for not having made a strenuous effort to prevent Richard from going out with Peter Foster; more particularly as she feared that Richard had left the house in no mood for an early return to it. But her blind love for her youngest son would not let her be just either to herself or to Frank. Moreover, she felt that she ought to tell Frank that Peter Foster had taken Dick out; because Frank on many occasions had cautioned her against Foster, and had strongly urged upon her to do her best in aiding him to sever the connexion which Richard had formed.

"You see, Frank, your ways are so different to ours," said Mrs. Grey, looking into the fire.

"Our ways, mother; what do you mean?"

"Well, Richard and I don't seem to please you?"

"Really, I don't understand you," said Frank, "have I ever done an unkind thing towards you, mother?"

"No, it isn't that," Mrs. Grey replied; "but Richard and you don't agree."

"Don't agree! we never quarrel," said Frank, more and more puzzled at his mother's words, though he was not ignorant of her being more attached to Richard than to him.

"Richard is not happy I'm sure," Mrs. Grey went on, "he as good as told me so this afternoon."

"What can I do to make him happy?" Frank inquired, taking a chair beside his mother.

"I don't know, Frank. But couldn't you associate a little more with him, and be more indulgent, and not want him to be so grand, and so punctual at the office. I'm sure I wonder the boy has put up with that office as long as he has," and Mrs. Grey nursed her foot and looked into the fire more intently than ever.

"Mother, mother! don't be unkind. You know how I have striven; you know how constantly I have used my little influence in his behalf; you know how I have talked to Richard."

"Talked! yes, that's it; you talk too much to him: you talk of things he doesn't care about, Frank; you read books in which he has no sympathy; and, and I—I—I—really don't know what we shall do-o-o-o;" and Mrs. Grey for want of something else to say, or because her heart was too full, fell a crying.

Frank soothed her, and said many comforting things, for the purpose of driving away her sadness. He promised to try a fresh way with Dick: he vowed that, in future, she should lay down rules for his guidance in the manner of treating Dick. He would have an explanation with Dick, and would learn what his wishes were, and do his utmost to carry them out. But all this did not bring Mrs. Grey out of her tears.

By and bye Frank went to bed, and bade his mother good-night, without saying any more concerning Richard's absence. And now Mrs.

Grey wished he had said something; for she almost felt inclined to confess that he was in Foster's company and to ask Frank to go and find him and bring him home.

"You may go to bed, Sarah," said Mrs. Grey, "I will 'wait up' for Richard." The domestic left candles and departed.

Mrs. Grey did "wait up," and a weary waiting up it was. Hour after hour she sat counting the minutes. It reminded her of that first night after her husband had left her, years ago, when Dick was a little boy. Every step was Dick's until they went by the door. The clocks in the city went on chiming the quarters, one after the other, and striking the hours, until at length the fire went out, and Mrs. Grey fancied she saw indications of daylight in the sky. Once or twice she had peeped through the blind, and once or twice she thought she saw a figure steal away from beneath the outer wall. At length she became so nervous and frightened, that she went up to Frank's door. She stood there for some moments, before she could make up her mind to knock.

"Who's there?" at length Frank inquired.

"Only me, dear," said Mrs. Grey, walking in, pale and agitated, with a candle in her hand.

"What is the matter, mother?" inquired Frank, starting up.

"Oh, I'm so frightened, so miserable, Frank," said Mrs. Grey, sinking into a chair.

"You have not been to bed," said Frank in alarm; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank! Richard has not come home yet, and he went out with Peter Foster; and—oh, dear—oh dear—I really think somebody is watching the house outside."

"Don't be frightened; don't be frightened, mother; I will get up. What is the time?"

"It's nearly four, Frank—I don't think it safe for you to go out though—it's not daylight."

"All right, mother," said Frank, hastily putting on his clothes.

When he was dressed he conducted his mother to her own room; and sallied forth in search of his brother.

A few hours afterwards the *Harry* was gliding down the Maryport river, in company with tug-boats, and high-masted ships, and barges, and pilot smacks, and timber rafts; past wharves and warehouses; past riverside inns with balconies and tea-gardens; underneath bridges, and past country highways; round great sloping curves, and past green meadows; beneath shelving banks, and under the shadows of fir trees and tall larches. And Richard Grey was fast asleep in Winford Barnes's own berth, fast asleep with Winford's warm tiger-rug over him.

It was not until the *Harry* was rolling out into the wide reaches of the river, where it meets the sea, that Richard Grey opened his eyes in



a bewildered wonder at his situation. Though he could not help thinking that he must be dreaming, he soon found that his headache was a splitting, throbbing reality. He could scarcely raise himself in bed. It seemed as if he were going to be sea-sick. The berth went round and round with him. The handsomely chased chest of drawers chased the no less beautiful couch round the cabin. An arm-chair, and a couple of mirrors, and several pictures, though they were all screwed into the well-polished panels and floors, joined in the general dance; so that when Dick threw aside the rug and jumped out of bed in despair, he fell, and went round and round with the rest. He lay in this state for quite half-an-hour, whilst the waves dashed against the window and the fresh smell of the sea came through the key-hole of the cabin door. A little revived, at length, he got up, to be startled at his pale, haggard face in the mirror, his matted curls, his torn coat, and his general wretched and dissipated appearance. With this came the remembrance of the preceding night's brawl, and a vague, foggy, headachy fear, that he had done some terrible deed.

Mat Duncan entered the cabin as Richard was about to leave it.

"Well, lieutenant," said Mat, putting his hands into his pockets and looking at Dick smilingly, "you're in a nice pickle."

"Yes," said Dick, discovering, for the first time, that his right hand was covered with blood, from a wound on one of his knuckles.

"It was plucky, but not exactly discreet, my lad; leastwise it wasn't cautious."

"Tell me all about it, Mat," said Dick, staggering to the wash-stand and opening it.

Mat told Dick something about it; and in doing so did not forget to extol Dick's prowess and his own skill and courage in getting Dick into the yacht.

"You see, Dick, I didn't desert you, though you cut me that night rather shabbily—Eh?"

"What, when I promised to come back again. Ah, you must forgive that, Mat—a petticoat, you know;" and Dick began to chat freely.

"Well, perhaps it was better for you; and, lad as you was, I didn't wonder at that black-eyed little tempter getting you away."

"Bessie Martin! Ah, she's a pretty lass, isn't she?"

"How long is it since you've seen her?"

"Oh, more than two years."

"You'll hardly know her now: oh, my eye, such a gal!"

"Is she, Mat? I'm so glad I've met you, Mat! Tell us about Bessie? Does she wear her hair in ringlets yet? Is it as black as ever? Come, captain, tell us, tell us."

"Didn't you used to write to her?"

"Yes; but I've heard nothing from her for this twelvemonth."

"Then maybe you don't know as her grandmother's dead?"

"No."



"Nor that she's in Beachstone's shop at Helswick?"

"No! you astonish me."

"Ah, I *could* astonish more nor you if I liked. You don't ask me how this craft comes to belong to Mr. Barnes, and how I come to be the captain of her."

"I've had no time to do so," said Dick, "and I've such lots of things to ask."

"Well, look here! Ahoy there! Ahoy—Brown!"

Mr. Barnes's steward entered.

"Look here, Brown! Just put some soda and brandy in the cabin aft, and bring a bottle here at once for this gentleman."

The soda water refreshed Dick considerably, and when, by Mat's directions, he had washed himself, Mat produced a portmanteau of Dick's own clothes, with clean shirts and collars, and a note containing a few smudged and tear blotted-lines of maternal affection made to read as much like rebuke as a fond love-blinded mother could make them.

"There, come into my cabin when you feel better, and I'll spin you the whole yarn out," said Mat.

Richard Grey felt relieved when he found that his mother knew where he was, and the sight of his clothes was particularly comforting. He was so glad to have been spared a scene at home, and to be out of the clutches of the police, and to be under no necessity of going to the office, that his present position gradually became anything but irksome or uncomfortable. He would write a letter to his mother, and put her all right, and have a look at Bessie Martin; and then enlist. That's what he would do. He was free now; he daren't go back to Maryport; he *would* clerk it no longer anywhere. The vessel tossed joyfully, and the waves played a merry tune against her sides. Under the influence of a wash, a change of linen, and a bottle of soda-water, Dick's headache began to leave him; and he went on deck, and then into Mat's cabin, "as fresh as a lark." But it occurred to him, immediately on entering, to ask: "Isn't it rather a mistake for your fellows to see me: do they know anything?"

"Leave that to me," said Mat; "you are all right. Barnes will get better in about a week, and I'll take care he doesn't go against you, although the police have a warrant out."

"Well now, captain, tell me the rest of your story."

"I'll give you the heads of it, Dick. In the first place, you see this ere craft, which was Mr. Massey's, is Mr. Barnes's. Mr. M. owed him some money, and he took part on it out in this yacht, which is as neat a sailer as ever took the water. Well I knows something about the debt in question which it wouldn't have been pleasant for Mr. Barnes to have heard me talk about; so he makes me captain of the *Harry*, and gives me enough pay to shut my mouth. I look after him a bit now and then, and as we'd been lying at Maryport for a fortnight, when we was only to have stayed two days, just afore going on a cruise to the coast of

France, I thought I'd just see what sort of petticoats it was as kept him ; so I looked about, and sees my friend a sailing along with a couple of fast rigged spanking craft, so I claps on a bit more canvas and keeps 'em in sight. They hove to at the Harmonic Bowers, and there we all anchored. Well when I seed there were going to be a row atween you and he, I gets quietly up towards the scene of action. I knowd there was a back way under the stage because I've heard Barnes talk of it when he was drunk, as he had free pass behind. When I'd got you aboard the yacht, which I concluded was the safest place, I goes and sees the admiral at the hospital ; but, Lord ! he was a raving and a swearing like a maniac ; and they was cutting his hair, and plaistering him up like a mummy. I gets into a bit of confab with the doctor arterwards, tells him as how I'd like to get the yacht down Denby way for a day or two on business, if he thought it would be that time before Squire Barnes would be better. So says he, 'You may go, captain—it will be a fortnight before he's better, and there's no danger ; but it's rather a bad cut, and the broken glass makes it worse.' I saw the police at the same time, and says he's my master. I'd changed my clothes different to what they was when I rescued you, and I'll swear nobody would a known me again if I hadn't."

"I don't think they would, captain ; you were awfully quick about your work."

"Well, I finds out as the police are agoing to watch your house ; so I says to one on 'em, as I knowd you I'd go along ; 'particularly,' says I, 'as I would like to see the blackguard, as hurt my owner, in custody afore I took the yacht down to Denby.'"

"If they had searched the yacht, Mat, whilst you were away?"

"I locked you up, my boy ; besides they'd never a thought of searching the master's yacht. However, I goes with the police, and we waits, and waits, and waits ; but no Dick turns up. There was lights burning, and at last your brother comes out : it was four in the morning, then. The police dodged out of sight, and says I, I'll go and watch that young gent, and so I does. When he gets free of Purdown, and was just going into that dark alley as leads to the river at the bottom, I stops him, gets him in a corner by the timber there, and hurriedly tells him all. 'And then,' says I, 'if you wish to serve your brother, and save further disgrace, just you go home after a bit, tell the missus (your mother hasn't served me well, Dick—but pass over that), and pack up Dick's clothes in a portmanteau. At nine o'clock order a cab—say you are going out of town, if the police interfere, which of course they wont, your respectability being known—go to the railway station, where I'll meet you in another cab, and get the portmanteau smuggled into mine—I've some purchases to make at several stores, and then I can go on to the docks with my packages, and the tide serves at eleven.' Your brother was a good deal bothered, but, however, he did what I wanted : and here you are with your duds safe and sound."

"Thanks, Mat! Thanks! I owe you much for your kindness," said Dick, taking Mat heartily by the hand.

"— thanks; I want no thanks, Dick; here's your health, lad, and may you always find a port in a storm."

"The same to you, captain," and Richard tossed off his brandy in a very different style to his brandy drinking in Denby cavern some years previously. "And now what do you propose to do?"

"Oh, just keep you clear of the police until the admiral is well enough to order them to withdraw the warrant against you."

"I suppose I may go ashore?"

"No you mayn't—leastwise for a day or two?"

"Can't you drop me for an hour at Helswick to-night, Mat?"

"No, not for a minute; but you shall see Miss Martin before the week's out, if you like. After two or three days' cruising, I shall drop you at the cavern until I run to Maryport and make things straight with the owner."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE COUNTING-HOUSE AND THE HOSPITAL.

MRS. GREY blamed the whole of Richard Grey's disgrace to Peter Foster. Her boy was too generous, too confiding, so easily led astray. It was the same with his poor father; and no wonder, for he was the very image of her husband. No woman had such troubles and trials as she had. Why was it? She had never done anybody any harm. "Oh, cruel, cruel! it was cruel, George, for you to leave me," she went on apostrophizing her absent lord; "but you were deceived, George, you were deceived, and you'll live to see it."

It was no use for Frank to attempt to prevent his mother from talking. She rocked herself to and fro and wailed forth her complaints.

"And that man who has taken him away again, that man who has ruined my poor boy, perhaps he has a hand in the whole affair; it may be only a plot. I know I am foolish, Frank, I know I am; but consider my troubles, consider my troubles, think how I love my children. How was Richard to know that it was an improper place? How could he have known, Frank? Oh, I wish I had told you about that Foster; he is the one that's to blame, and yet the police have discharged him, have actually let him go, and are looking for my boy. Oh, Frank you must save him, and if he cannot come back again let me go and live with him and take care of him for your poor father's sake, whom you will yet see I am convinced."

"See him, mother! I have no wish to see my father—I hate him for his treatment of you," said Frank, stamping across the floor. He had striven hard to sit quietly and not interrupt his mother's complaints, but

it cut him to the quick that her love and all her thoughts should cling about those who had wronged her so much, to the exclusion of himself. From childhood upwards he had been a thoughtful, affectionate son ; Richard had been wilful, disobedient, and a tyrant ; their father had deserted them and their mother, at a time when most they needed his protecting aid ; and yet all her love was for Richard and the father. "It maddens me, mother, to hear you talk thus ; to see you grovel at the feet of a son who spurns you, and wail after a man who basely deserted you."

Frank's storm of passion stopped his mother's moaning for a few minutes ; she looked up at him in astonishment.

"Yes, I suppose that is how it will be—everybody against me—even you, Frank, even you. Well, the Lord's will be done. No matter who's feet I grovel at, no matter who I love ; what I love always turns against me—husband, and sons.

Frank was touched at the poetic truth of this disappointment of her love, and, his passion over, he stooped to kiss his mother's forehead and to urge her to look at affairs a little more calmly.

Until this morning Frank had never entered the office in Beckford Square later than ten o'clock. By the time that he had been to the station and returned—the police having ceased to watch the house—it was twelve o'clock. For the first time too he went along Maryport streets with his eyes cast down. And he thought it necessary, immediately on entering the counting-house, to inquire if Mr. Welford, the senior partner, had called that morning. The reply being in the negative, Frank Grey wrote a short note and despatched it straight to Mr. Welford's residence. Then he went up into his own room—the room which had been Mr. Thornhill's room—and sat down, feeling that this was the saddest morning he had known since the arrival of the news that the junior partner was drowned. But Frank was not the fellow to let even sorrow interfere much with his business duties ; he was soon busied in the examination of bills of lading, inventories of ships' stores, prices of freights, telegrams of arrivals, and other documents which belonged to his department in the great shipping-house of Welford & Co.

Ere long, after a short knock, a tall gentlemanly man entered ; Frank rose and received him with great deference. The gentleman was Samuel Welford, Esquire—a man past middle age, with gray curly hair and whiskers, a fresh florid complexion, and a benevolent smile. His mouth indicated firmness, tempered with benevolence ; and there was a store of good nature in his eyes. He was at least six feet, and stooped slightly. His dress was a black morning suit ; a gold eye-glass peeped out from his waistcoat pocket, and he carried a gold-headed cane. This was Samuel Welford. Everybody knew him in Maryport ; he was courted and flattered by all classes. He had twice declined the honour of re-

presenting Maryport in Parliament. Once he had been induced to fill the civic chair, during a famous year when the city had the honour of entertaining royal guests.

"Well, Mr. Grey," said the senior partner, coming forward and sitting down near Frank, "you wished to see me; I was just leaving my house when I received your note, and I pay you my first visit in the city this morning, for I am rather late in town to-day."

"I was late too, sir, I am sorry to say, in consequence of a very disagreeable occurrence," said Frank, stammering a little and becoming hot.

Frank had determined that the firm should first learn, from him, of the disgrace which had fallen upon him: for Maryport was all alive with the news that Frank Grey's brother had murdered a gentleman in the worst den of infamy in Maryport. There was no knowing how the affair might affect his position in the house, and it was best that he should acquaint Mr. Welford with the whole of the circumstances, and place his resignation in the hands of the firm.

"It is a serious business," said Mr. Welford, after Frank had told the story, in which he extenuated his brother's conduct to the utmost; "a very serious business, and you have done right to tell me of it at once. We have always been successful in our confidential people here, Grey, and we should not like the reputation of our staff to be tarnished in the slightest."

"That is what I felt, sir," said Frank.

"There could be no damage to the house in any way, even if our best man was really to commit a murder, Grey; but it would be very unpleasant to see the name of the firm coupled with his offence. We pride ourselves upon our managers and clerks, aye and upon our captains to; and it is well you should have mentioned this. Yes; did this fellow, this Barnes, assault your brother first?"

"He did, sir," said Frank, "or I am sure my brother would never have raised a hand against him."

"I know the fellow, I know him—a sad scoundrel. Ah! it was a brave thing after all for the boy to encounter him. Yes, a brave thing; but not calculated to do good: no. However, he's only a boy—it will blow over, blow over," and Samuel Welford tapped his stick on the floor as an accompaniment to his words.

Frank who had remained standing, looked anxiously at the head of the house, and in expectation of the acceptance of his resignation, as a matter of policy, in a kind speech, coupled perhaps with an offer of some little appointment abroad.

"As to your resignation, Frank Grey, that will not be accepted."

Frank drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"No," continued the head of the firm, "I do not see that any reflection rests upon you; nor indeed upon your brother, for half killing a scoundrel who had assaulted him—the reflection upon your brother is the being in such bad company. Boy or man, sir, he who resents an insult



or an injury, manfully, is to be applauded ; but your brother's manliness is sullied by brandy and tobacco and infamous company. He's young, let us hope he will reform. Meanwhile your prospects in this house will not be influenced by this occurrence ; and you may go home and make your mother happy, by the information that, if I can do anything for your brother out of Maryport, I may within reasonable bounds be commanded. Good morning, Frank !" and Mr Welford left the room more firmly than ever convinced that there was the making of a thoroughly honest, straight-forward man of business in Frank Grey.

He might have been deceived in Frank, nevertheless ; for, after all, Frank had only done just what a scheming scoundrel might have done. Villainy, or Sycophancy, would in all probability have thought it a good stroke of policy to do what Frank did—to be the first to proclaim their undeserved disgrace ; either, might have counted it a safe stroke of stratagem to have drawn up a notice of resignation : so closely do villains, and intriguers, imitate the virtuous and the honest. But Mr. Welford was not deceived in Frank Grey, who was an upright manly fellow ; too proud—though he was but the son of a runaway carpenter—to hold any position under false pretences ; too high-minded to do an injustice to his employers ; too sensitive to pass over any incident which affected his position or reputation, without examination and explanation. He had started in life determined to get on, and with a fixed resolve to make an honourable name, in whatever business or profession he undertook.

Don't imagine from this little picture of Frank, that he belonged to the stiff "good boy" school. You would neither find him whining at prayer meetings, nor prating consequential nonsense at temperance elocution clubs. Nevertheless, he was a religious young man, was Frank. Though in his passion he had said he hated his father, it was only through love of his mother that he said so, and because he had never known his father except through the mother's great wrong. Though he had, in this same passion, spoken bitterly of Richard, he had done so because he felt that Richard was not worthy of his mother's deep love, and because his heart rebelled for a moment against his mother's injustice. He went to church nearly every Sunday ; he was absent sometimes ; and yet we say he was religious. He kept the beautiful commandment, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," as much as any young man, or any old man, could possibly keep it. He went to the theatre now and then, and entered into the spirit of the performances enthusiastically, and had confessed to shedding tears over a celebrated actress's "Constance" in King John. Once he had fallen desperately in love with a lady who had played Ophelia ; and had received a slight wound in the heart, which might remain for sometime, on hearing that Ophelia was the wife of a red-headed fellow who played second fiddle in the orchestra. But Frank was a good moral young fellow, notwithstanding. Amongst the books which he had read carefully might have been found the prose



works of *Voltaire* and *Tom Paine*, and the marvellous poems of *Shelley*; and yet Frank had a full belief and hope in God, and said his prayers regularly and fervently. He liked to read both sides of all questions, and, in his thoughtful way, defied such writers as *Voltaire* or *Paine*, rather than ignored them. He read them only that he should not tacitly condemn what he had not read; for, indeed, Frank was not fond of theological reading, and when revelling in "*Queen Mab*" he saw and sorrowed over the blots upon that marvellous work; but he felt, to the full, the magic of the poetry. Frank Grey was in truth every inch a gentleman; as all you boys may become, whatever your origin, if you make up your minds to be so.

The Maryport hospital was not intended for such patients as Mr. Barnes. But the police having taken him there, not knowing where he lodged, he remained, to shock both nurses and doctors with his blasphemous ravings.

When Mat Duncan called to see him, a few days after the accident, Mr. Barnes was progressing favourably. But he was liable to a relapse at any moment; for the return of consciousness, with the memory of being beaten by a boy, would throw him into violent fits of passion, no less dreadful to contemplate than his delirious shouts of vengeance, and his maniacal laughter at "that fool Massey." In truth, the stupidity and presumption of Paul Massey was a theme upon which he had latterly said many wild things.

"I'll ruin him yet," he shouted, when Mat Duncan and he were alone, "I'll ruin him, — him."

"No, no, let him alone, Squire," said Mat, sitting down in the single chair and looking calmly at the sufferer.

"Let him alone! Who do you mean? who do you mean? Let Paul Massey alone, — him. I'll teach him who he's got to deal with?"

"He knows that pretty well, I guess," said Mat, putting the disarranged bed-clothes straight.

"Knows it. Thirty thousand pounds in four years, and grumbles, — him. I'll have every penny, every penny."

The wretched man rose up in bed, in his lucid excitement, and doubled his fist.

"There, there, Squire," said Mat, "that'll do; you'll only be worse."

"Duncan, kill that young devil I met at Keems'—kill him, Mat—I'll give you a thousand pounds to finish him, the infernal rascal. Oh, my head! oh, my head!—the — scoundrel—kill him, Mat;" and then the half delirious man sank back on the pillow exhausted.

"Humph!" said a voice, peeping into the ward, "you're a werry pretty specimen of 'umanity, you are."

"What the devil brought you here?" said Mat.

"I should think *you* were a sufferin' from a hoverflow ov the milk

ov 'uman kindness on the brain," went on the voice, taking no heed of Mat Duncan's fierce interrogation.

"Do you hear me?" said Mat, between his teeth, "you spying son of a witch."

"I hears yer, Master Dunking; I hears yer; bless your handsome face, you're voice is not one of them ere soft and low voices as Shakespeare says is—"

"I'll Shakspur you," says Mat, seizing the diminutive groom by the collar, and dragging him into the ward.

"Hollo! hollo!" says an attendant, coming up at the moment, "this will not do."

"All right, guvner," said Mat, "I was only stopping this fellow from waking the Squire."

"Yes, it's all right," Joe Wittle replied; "I was speaking a little too loud for the patient; I will not do so again; I've come from one of his most hintimate friends to see him, and have got this ere note of permission," said Joe; upon which the attendant passed on, though the nurse came in immediately afterwards.

"Ah, I'm werry glad to hear that he'll get over it, werry glad," said Joe, on hearing the nurse's report, though he could hardly be said to have looked what he said. "He's such a werry kind gentleman, and so relegious; thousands of blessed widders and orphings will be glad to hear it, when I tells 'em as Mr. Barnes is getting better. My master wouldn't wait a moment, when he heard of the melancholy affair, until I had started off to see how the dear gentleman was."

"Take him out! Take him out!" exclaimed the invalid, attempting to rise, but laying his head back immediately he felt the strong hand of the nurse upon his shoulder.

"I'se obliged to be savage with him," said the woman, answering the inquiring gaze of Mat Duncan and the groom.

Winford glared at her for a moment; but shut his eyes and was silent when the woman leaned over him and said: "Now look here, Squire, I'll not have any nonsense—off goes the bandage and on goes another dressing, if you shows any more hobstrepering."

"Gentle as a lamb; he alers was, bless yer," said Joe, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and propping himself against the wall.

"I think it's time you were off," said Mat Duncan, scowling at the groom.

"Do you?" said Joe. "Werry likely; you see your thoughts ain't alers the coreck card, Mister Dunking. I'm going to stay here till the doctor comes."

"Then stay and be hanged," said Mat, seizing his cap and hurrying out.

"Arter you, sir," said Mat, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets and winking at the ugly old nurse; "arter you, sir."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE MAY QUEEN.

RICHARD GREY had arrived at the caverns contemporaneously with the razor-bills, and alca tordas, which, as is their migratory custom, had left them since the autumn. The dottrel had also just arrived on the heath above, and the landrail had returned to some meadows over the fell. He knew nothing of these arrivals, however, and cared nothing, when he crept beneath the rugs and blankets in the inner chamber of the caverns. Mat had lighted the fire; but there was a damp earthy smell in the place, which only seemed to exude all the more as the fire burnt up. Dick had drunk freely of the spirits which Mat had left for him, and with only his head uncovered he felt thoroughly comfortable. The fire flickered and crackled, and the light played all sorts of antics on the walls, now showing up a fowling-piece, now hovering mysteriously about a pair of oars, now throwing a dash of light upon an old sou-wester, now darting off into dark corners and shady recesses. The elfish flickers sent Dick off into fitful doses, out of which he would start, grasping an old broadsword that he had laid beside him; not that he was afraid, but that he was valiant—for verily, if occasion had required it, Dick would have made terrible use of that antique weapon.

Mat had given the boy particular instructions not to stir out until he returned with news from Maryport; but an awakened interest in Bessie Martin was now so strengthened by his loneliness, that he could not help feeling a strong determination to go forth, on the morrow, and find Bessie out. Old memories began to crop up, and mingle themselves, in fancies, with the firelight. The school-house and the caverns, when his mother lived at Denby, and the incidents of his boy-life gathered about memory's store-house, and flitted to and fro ghostily, like the fire-flickers, until he no longer grasped the old sword, and his head lay back upon the canvas pillow. Then he dreamed of his stolen visits to the caverns, and of all his wild plans of piratical glory. He was out upon the sea, "with the black flag waving," and "his Bessie by his side." He ran his "gallant ship" into the harbour; the feast was spread; the pirate-village gathered round; there was the dance and the song on the sunny beach, and Bessie, the pirate bride, leaned gracefully upon the pirate's arm. In another moment he was in Maryport; the gas-lamps were lighted, the streets were black and slippery; but Keems's Harmonic Bowers were radiant. He sat beside the chairman; jovial, noisy songs were sung, and he applauded immensely. The serio-comic-grotesque vocalist, and author of the "original, screaming, quaint, quizzical, and grotesque medley, 'Jolly Bones,'" had just finished the third verse of that favourite ditty:—

It's always in pictures,  
 Death's a glass in his hand,  
 And it's only the fools  
 Who think it is sand ;  
 For Death's a sly fellow,—  
 Between you and me,  
 He often gets mellow—  
 And goes on the spree.

Tolol de ri day,  
 Tol de ri day,  
 Tol de roll iddle,  
 Tol lol de ri day.

Dick had clanked his glass with his neighbour's and joined in the chorus, when there was an interruption at the lower end of the room. He turned round and saw Winford Barnes conducting Bessie Martin to a seat. Bessie Martin ! yes, it was she. Dick leaped from his chair and sprang towards them ; but only to stand shivering in the middle of the cavern.

Morning soon came, after this ; but Morning would have nothing to do with Mat Duncan's dark cavern. She opened her golden gates, and stood tip-toe on the high hills. She touched the sky, with her orient wand, and bright streaks shone upon it which the sea copied and sped away with to the shore. She breathed upon the primroses and they opened wide their eyes ; she chased away the tears which the violets had shed in the night ; and the blue-bells nodded their heads to the brown russet leaves in the forest, and told them that the sun was shining, upon which a few blind leaves shamled about to feel the beams as they had felt them in their green youth ; but the winds that waited upon the Morning blew them aside, and, lo and behold, green leaves and primrose-buds peeped up where the brown leaves had lain. Morning stood upon the high hills, and touched the birds with her orient wand, and they shook their heads, stupidly at first, and then twittered and told each other it was day-break. She sent bands of special messengers, fleet rosy messengers, to peep into cottage windows, and waken pretty maidens ; and then hundreds started up and said : "It's May-day, it's May-day."

It was May-day ! and a delightful remnant of the Pagan festival was still observed at Denby and Helswick, and all along the coast, and far away into the interior of the country. May-day ! Bessie Martin had no mother to call her early ; but the goddess on the high hills did not forget her. Right over the roofs of Helswick, past the tall terrace where the visitors lodged, round by the church and into the little market-place, one of the rosy messengers sent a flood of sunlight through the diamond panes of a little garret window, and up started Bessie Martin.

And "I'm to be Queen," said Bessie pattering across the floor, with her little naked feet, and looking out over the sea ; for Mr. Beachstone's shop, in which she was assistant, had such an out-look from its back

premises. "What a beautiful morning, I do declare, and I've a holiday all day," said Bessie, looking smilingly into the glass that hung by the wall. "And there's Cissy, and Mary, and Jane, and William under the window already." She gently opened two panes, put her lips out as far as she could, and whispered, "I'll be down directly."

Richard Grey groped his way through the matted old doorway of the cavern, and over the plank, and round corners, and over pools of water, until he was fairly in presence of the morning. The sun was shining hotly upon the water, and the sea-birds were flapping their wings in it, and washing themselves, and fishing for their morning meal.

"That will be the best thing I can do," said Richard, after glancing at the sea for a few minutes; and then he threw off the clothes in which he had slept, and dashed into the water. One big sigh was all the cold waves elicited from Dick, after his plunge. The birds screamed and flew back to the rocks, the razor-bills, which had arrived the day before, expressing considerable disgust at this interruption of their first morning's diversions. But Richard bellowed at the birds in return, and buffeted the waves, and swam out so far that the birds came back again to be dispersed anew by the intruder.

A cold breakfast had Dick after his cold bath, but he attacked the bread and meat, which Mat had left him, with a hearty relish, and washed it down with brandy and water. And then this wild, reckless, careless fellow, in spite of Mat's warnings, climbed up the secret way and stood on the top of the cliffs. "I've a great mind to go and find her," he said to himself as he looked towards Helswick. "No, no, better not now; to-night when it's dark," and he strode away over the fell. "Nobody will know me now—I've not been here for more than two years, and I'm as big again as I was; so I shall just go for a stroll, whatever you may say, Mat;" and away he went, over broken rocks, lying amongst purple and brown and yellow heath. Then he came to meadows of mowing grass from which rose the voice of the landrail; and he skirted hedges, white with hawthorn, in which the chaffinches were building their nests. He had often to go out of his way, to pass groups of happy children, who were gathering the May flowers. He paused sometimes to listen to their merry laughter, and then he could not help feeling like a guilty thing amongst innocence; for he soon knew that it must be May-morning, and he remembered how he and Bessie had plucked the primroses, in years gone by, on merry May-mornings. The groups of children grew more numerous. They ran from flower to flower with gleeful shouts; filling their pinafores with buds and blossoms.

The kind old rector of Helswick had a May-pole set up annually in the meadow by his house; but he insisted that the flowers that decked it should be fresh gathered on the May morning. To enable this to be accomplished the shaft was not erected until the afternoon, when the



queen took her seat on her hawthorn throne, and the *fête* began as the sun went down. So off in the morning early went out the queen, as well as her subjects, to cull the floral gems; whilst hundreds of little May-queens were made radiant, by poor mothers and sisters, to call at every house and to stop every person with, "Please to remember the May." Little toddling things, staggering under loads of flowers, went about Helswick, from morning until night; but this was a degeneration of the old custom, and must have been introduced by a Barnum-mendicant. Nevertheless, it *was* a memento of good old days, and we shall give our coppers, whenever we visit Helswick, to poor little begging queens, and go and see the real ones.

You have learnt that Bessie Martin had been selected for the royal position on this May-day of our story. The choice had fallen upon her by ballot of her companions, as was the custom at the rectory festivals, and Bessie was not a little vain of the distinction. It was done at the Christmas tea-meeting (when the jolly old rector always chose to set the minds of the young people of his parish thinking about the spring), and, ever since, Bessie Martin had been in a little flutter of preparation. Several times, in that old-fashioned stationer's shop at Helswick, where she assisted the master and the mistress to wait upon the customers, she had given note-paper instead of envelopes, and sealing-wax instead of wafers, because she was thinking about the dress she should wear on May-day. She had sat behind the counter in the evenings, in the dim uncertain light of two candles, and pictured herself in white muslin with pink ribbons; and she had said to herself: "Oh, that Richard Grey could see me then—oh, that the proud, fine gentleman, Richard, could see me then!" For Bessie had concluded that Richard had grown a fine gentleman in the great city of Maryport, since she had seen him, and that this was the reason he had ceased writing to her.

Bessie had changed since we saw her last on that memorable night at the caverns. She had, in fact, become almost a woman. Indeed some of the customers had said she was too much of a woman to be a May-queen, but Bessie had shaken her black curls, and answered: "Please, I'm only just past seventeen." The rector's son from Oxford had told her (when old Beachstone's back was turned) that she would be the prettiest May-queen he had ever beheld. Bessie had taken the first opportunity, when he was gone, to run up-stairs and look at herself in the square piece of glass that hung by her bed, and the scrutiny was quite satisfactory. Her dark cheeks glowed with health, and her eyes sparkled a great deal more than the mock-diamonds in old Mrs. Beachstone's brooch. "Oh, if she had only a brooch like that!"

As Richard rambled along through the May-decked fields, he heard a voice which arrested his attention. He thought it sounded like Bessie Martin's voice. He peeped through the hedge, and there sure enough was Bessie in the midst of a group of boys and girls, some about her



own age, and others much younger. There she stood with a hat in her hand, and her hair falling, from a crown of hawthorn, down her back. She might have sat for a gipsy queen, she had such white teeth, such red and brown cheeks, such black eyes. Dick almost shouted with joy; he had been so lonely before, and now he felt he would have somebody to talk to. But how was this to be managed; how should he attract Bessie's attention, and get her away from her companions. He feared she would not know him again, he had grown so tall. "She's not tall," said Dick to himself; "but how much older she looks, and how pretty—and I not to have written to her!" Shortly, all the young people sat down to arrange their flowers, when suddenly Bessie bethought her that she wanted one more spray of hawthorn, and before any one else could rise she darted off to the hedge behind which Richard was hiding. A fussy young gentleman, whom Dick had once or twice thought he would like to strangle on the spot, ran after her. Bessie reached the hawthorn first, and then Dick stooped down and said, "Bessie, it's Richard Grey."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bessie, starting back.

"What have you done?" asked the fussy young gentleman, as Dick threw himself down to avoid observation.

"Only pricked my finger," said Bessie; but she was so agitated that the fussy young gentleman looked exceedingly puzzled—"just go back and get my hat, William."

"It's full of flowers," said William.

"Never mind, turn them out," and the boy ran to fulfil her commands.

"Bessie," again whispered Dick.

"Are you sure it's Richard," asked Bessie, pretending to gather hawthorn, that her friends might not discover her real occupation.

"Yes, it's Richard from Maryport—Richard, you know, who ran away from school."

"Dear, dear, how you frightened me," said Bessie, her heart beating with joy.

Get away from those girls and boys, so that I can talk to you. I daren't let them see me, because, because—" and Dick hesitated a moment for a reason—"because I have run away to see you."

Bessie started off as he finished, before William could return with her hat, and Richard Grey rose and watched her. By and bye the group was again scattered over the field in search of a particular flower which Bessie had discovered, almost at the last moment, to be wanting. A group in which she was conspicuous made their way to a patch of wood, on the side nearest Richard, who at once crept back and entered the plantation, with its budding branches waving above the blue bells and the dead leaves. Ere long Bessie separated herself from the rest, and Richard, darting out, close to her, kissed her before she could speak.

"Come along, come along," he said, taking her arm and putting it under his own, and they were soon out of hearing of the flower hunters.

"How tall you have grown, Richard, since we saw each other last," said Bessie, when they stopped.

"And how pretty you have grown, Bessie," said Richard; "sit down, Bess, and let's have a chat."

"I must only stay a few minutes, Richard. Besides, you cannot care much for talking to me; you have never answered my last letter, twelvemonths ago."

"How could I, Bess, I've had so much to do and I've always been planning to meet you suddenly, you know; and, and—oh, I'm so glad to see you, Bessie."

And then after Bessie had tortured him by saying that she did not believe him and that she must go, and bidding him remember that she was not a little girl now, and that he must not kiss her, Richard told her that he was only going to stay a few days longer in England. Then Bessie looked sad, and the conversation became earnest and interesting. She told Richard her story, and Richard told her portions of his own. He was not so pleased as she thought he might have been, when she told him that she was to be May-queen. This, he told her, was only because he could not be there to see her; and she wondered why he could not be there, and he soon satisfied her that he must not. He would wait for her when it was over, at all risks, and take her home. But somebody else, she said, would be sure to take her home—perhaps the rector's son.

When he heard this Richard almost vowed he would be there; but he checked himself, and made Bessie promise that she would go home alone, if possible. And then they parted; for voices, which they had heard in the distance, came nearer and nearer, and Richard was compelled to leave Bessie to the fussy young gentleman and half-a-dozen girls who had searched for her everywhere.

Never was such a bewildered, excited May-queen as Bessie Martin. The jolly old rector said to his wife that he was afraid distinction had turned poor Bessie's head. The rector's son from Oxford was delighted to have her for a partner, nevertheless, in the country dance which closed the day's festivities; and the fussy young gentleman gnashed his teeth with inward rage and chagrin at the snubbing Bessie had quietly given him when he ventured to squeeze her hand in one of the early games.

It was nearly dark when the May-day festival was over; and the fussy young gentleman, in his rage, had been bold enough to cut out the rector's son, by being first to offer himself as Bessie's escort home. But Bessie knew that a much handsomer fellow than either of them, and one she preferred to a hundred such, was waiting outside, and she soon found means to slip away alone.

Richard discovered a roundabout way to Bessie's home, and they lingered here and there on the way, always walking slowly. There were no gas lamps within twenty miles of Helswick, and the night being dark, the young lovers were not interrupted by prying eyes. But when Bessie entered old Beachstone's house, Mrs. Beachstone was in the kitchen to receive her and to rebuke her for being out so late. The next night, and the following night, Bessie was also talked to bed, in angry terms, by the same tongue. "What could the girl be thinking of, staying out until ten o'clock at night, and without being able to give any satisfactory explanation of where she had been?"

At the end of the week, when Mat Duncan returned to the caverns, he found Richard Grey comfortably ensconced in the cottage. Richard said the house was more comfortable, and more civilized. The cavern parlour had given him the blues. No, he had not been reading much: the books which Mat noticed were from Beachstone's.

"And is this from Beachstone's?" asked Mat, stooping to pick up a pink ribbon that lay upon the floor.

Richard Grey snatched at the ribbon, without responding to Mat's laughter.

"Softly, softly," said Mat, holding the ribbon above Richard's head.

Richard looked sullenly upwards, and eventually Mat dropped the waif upon the table, and Richard put it into his pocket.

"Well, I'll not be inquisitive," said Mat. "I've put things straight for you at Maryport. Frank has got you a place, as a sort of inspector, in America, connected with Welford & Co. Commodore Barnes has agreed not to prosecute you. You can bid your mother good-bye in two days from now, and I'll put you aboard ship at Liverpool. There!"

Richard Grey received Mat's news with indifference; and three days afterwards had taken leave of Bessie Martin, of his mother, and of England. He had promised Bessie to return and marry her, when he had made some money. He would write to her once a month, and she might write to him as often as she could. But the very first month Richard broke his promise, and the next month only brought a few hurried lines, badly written, and not anything like what would be called a love-letter. He said he was "doing pretty well," though he had given up the appointment connected with Welford & Co. He said he did not know what Bessie would find to write about; but she might tell him all about Helswick and the people at Denby Rise.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## BEHIND THE MASK.

IN the supreme happiness of her married life, in the fond devotion of her husband, in her motherly love for the child which had blessed her union with Paul, five years had nearly wiped out the sorrows which at the outset had been coupled with Anna's joys. There were times when sad memories would crowd into her heart and claim the tribute of a tear; but the brief shadows only brightened the sunshine of her settled happiness. She could talk about her uncle, with that loving familiarity which lapse of time enables us to talk of loved ones who are gone. But the mention of Harry Thornhill always brought such a cloud upon Paul's brow that she seldom mentioned the old, old friend whose ring she still wore. Sometimes she wondered at the change which marriage seemed to have wrought in Paul, and she often told him that she wondered at it. Not that the change was a subject for complaint. On the contrary, never had wife more affectionate husband. Paul's high spirits, his love of change, his delight in adventure, all appeared to have gone. His every thought seemed to be of Anna and her boy, and Anna often said he would spoil them both.

When the silver bells at Helswick rang for morning and evening service, none responded to them more punctually than Paul Massey and his charming wife. There was not an object of benevolence in the district to which Paul did not contribute, lavishly; there was not a scheme which had for its object the improvement of the poorer classes that he did not aid. In good truth, from the day that Paul Massey married Anna Lee, he had given himself up to a life of devotion to her and all that was good. And yet Winford Barnes was a frequent visitor at Denby Rise, and would startle the servants with oaths, and coarse jests. Mrs. Massey had once, in her affectionately frank manner, asked her husband why he did not give up the acquaintance of a man who seemed so wicked and so vulgar. And this question was the only one that had ever elicited from her husband anything like a command.

"You must not ask that question again, Anna dear," said Paul very seriously; "I am under great obligations to him, and he must come here when he pleases."

Anna bent her head, and then looked up at her husband with a sorrowfully inquiring glance.

"Don't think me unkind, Anna," Paul went on; "Barnes was a different man once, and I can never be out of his debt."

"I don't think you unkind, Paul, and I will do whatever you wish, dear; but would it not be better to pay all you owe to him, and—"

"I cannot, Anna; do not talk about it: I will relieve you of his society as much as possible. There, there! Let us take a walk on the

beach, and don't think any more about my grim cigar-smoking friend," and Paul kissed his wife, chucked her under the chin, and suddenly became so gay, that Anna speedily forgot that such a person as Winford Barnes was in existence.

But Paul's forced smiles were gone when he was alone, and a settled melancholy put a seal upon his features. His was a dreadful state of existence; it was only his strength of mind, and his determination to make some atonement for his crime that enabled him to support it. His terrible secret tortured him at all hours. The memory of the thing seemed to burn into his heart, as the scarlet letter scorched and sereed those bursting hearts in New England, of which Nathaniel Hawthorne hath told us. His wild nature was subdued with it, though the old spirit which in his youthful days had prompted him to roam, would in lonely moments, when his wife was not with him, frequently take fierce possession of him. But it was the restlessness of the soul which seeks to flee from itself; the longing for some lonesome spot where memory should be overthrown. And now a new misery, a new dread, a new peril was before him. With the actuteness that seemed to come partly from his big secret, he knew that Winford Barnes would betray him: he felt that through him would come his punishment. The day of retribution seemed to draw nearer with every sovereign which the voracity of his friend drew from him. He knew that this was the price of Winford's secrecy, and that some day when he could no long pay the price, Winford's malicious tongue would babble.

But for Anna he could almost have prayed for the relief of this great exposure. Like many a malefactor, who has found it impossible to carry his load of guilt about with him, he would fain have given himself up to justice. But when he remembered that dying request of old Mountford's, "Be kind to her—love her always," and when Anna put her loving arm in his, and her child came clinging about his legs, some of the old fire of strength and defiance kindled in his eye against Winford Barnes. For Paul Massey loved those two beings with all the fervour of his ardent nature. And it galled him to the quick to think that he was robbing these two to buy the silence of his arch-enemy, robbing them to cover up a dead body with gold, to hide the ghost of the companion of his youth.

Already his beautiful estate on the Wear had gone to buy Winford's silence. Mrs. Massey was easily reconciled to the sale, when Paul told her that his object was to settle the amount upon their child in such a way that it would be more beneficial to him than it could otherwise be. Lie upon lie did Paul tell his wife, in order to put off the dreadful day which he knew *would* come. No moral or religious compunction stood in the way of these falsehoods. Paul had no hope of salvation. He was a castaway, a wretch, who could not expect it; but he had repented of his great sin, nevertheless, he loved Anna, his wife, and he prayed that her life, and her child's future might not be blighted through him. He



prayed ; but hope gave him no encouragement. He felt that his fight was a battle with Fate, and he knew that he would be worsted in the end.

In order to counteract Winford's attacks upon his purse he had speculated in various ways, but he had always been unsuccessful, and even such a contingency as poverty dawned upon him, to make his torments the greater.

"Let me buy your silence in one final sum," he said to Winford one day, when Barnes had solicited a further loan with more than ordinary insolence. "Name your price."

"How business-like we are to-day," Winford mockingly replied, "we were not wont to be so matter-of-fact."

"There need be no longer any disguise about our positions," said Paul. "The manner of your asking for money has been too peremptory, too arrogant, to make any other than one impression."

"And that impression?" said Winford coolly, lighting a cigar.

"Is that I am paying for my safety ; that were I to refuse, you would carry out the threat which you have more than once made, howsoever vaguely."

"You were not always such a good interpreter of other men's intentions, Paul ; you have read mine rightly."

"Coward ! miserable coward !" exclaimed Paul, passionately. "Have you no compassion, no feeling, no gratitude, no humanity ?"

"Ah, ah, ah," laughed his tormentor, "that's devilish good. You are abundantly blessed with all those virtues, I suppose."

"I ! I am more despicable than yourself, and ready to bend to the most terrible punishment : but there are others, Winford. You cannot be all stone : think of them. For myself, I ask nothing, but for them, I say, name the sum at which your silence is to be purchased, and I couple with it but one condition."

"Well, I don't wish to be hard," said the heartless spendthrift ; "but I helped you into your new estates ; I advised you to make up to the girl, you know."

Paul's love for Anna Lee had been no sordid one, and he bore this assumed partnership in her fortune with a heart ready to burst, and with fingers itching to seize his tormentor and hurl him to the earth.

"It was a pleasant sitting down for you, as they say northwards, and it's only fair that you should deal handsomely with me," and Winford knocked a long ash from his cigar, and commenced a calculation. "Let me see, I owe £500 in a little matter of *roulet*, another instalment of £5000 towards the composition with those attentive creditors on the Tyne, certain fair ladies of Maryport must have £500 this week, and—but what condition is this you speak of?"

"The condition is this, that you write and sign a document which I shall dictate, describing Harry Thornhill's accidental death, and confess-

ing therein that you were once wicked enough to try and make capital out of me, by basely and maliciously charging me with murder; all of which you now regret, pronouncing the truth of this declaration, which you make on condition that I do not prosecute you for slander; and that you leave England for ever, or permit me to do so. This will save the name I bear from a terrible blot; it will save my wife and child from a greater misery than poverty. I ask a great thing—I will pay a great price for it."

"Is that all?" inquired Winford, with a grim mocking smile.

"That is all."

"And how much will you pay for that?"

"Perhaps all you may have the conscience to ask. And I will also, in writing, agree to take no advantage whatever of the document, and never to use it in any way, unless to produce it in a Court of Justice to which I may be summoned on any charge relative to Harry Thornhill."

"But you want me to commit perjury. No, no, I can't consent to that. I, Winford Barnes, perjure myself, stain my fair reputation with crime! No, no, Paul Massey, that I cannot do," said Winford in a bantering, jeering way. "But if we can agree as to the amount, and you will accept my word of honour; why, then I am open to negotiate."

Paul made other propositions in which he endeavoured to secure himself against his tormentor; but Winford Barnes was too keenly alive to his power over his old friend to accept any which did not leave him a free agent.

"No," he said at length, "I may come to that pass, Mr. Massey; the time may arrive when a pile of gold will tempt me even to a worse crime than perjury, but it is not yet, my friend. So, for the present, if you will just let me have, say ten thousand pounds—at five per cent, you know—a simple loan, I'll trouble you no more this two years, at any rate, and if I'm in luck, I'll trouble you no more for ten years, perhaps. There! Now can you say I'm selfish and sordid?"

Paul felt that it was useless to struggle further with his fate just then, so he consented to this twentieth loan.

"If you leave here to-night I will order the money to be placed to your credit at Maryport by the next post."

"It's unkind in a host to give his guest notice to quit," said Winford, emptying the brandy-bottle into his tumbler and tossing it off, "but I'll not oppose you in that: so we'll part at once."

If Paul had taken particular note of the unhealthy, besotted, and generally dissipated appearance of his unwelcome guest, he might have seen a cause for hope in Winford's trembling hand and glaring eyes. He looked like a man who would some morning be found dead in a gutter, or who would go off raving in a fit of *delirium tremens*. He had utterly sunk into the depths of debauchery, and his extravagance had gathered around him, in Maryport, depraved men and women who gladly encouraged his wicked orgies. But Paul received no hope from

Winford's debauchery: once, for two days, when the news reached Denby that he was nearly killed, Paul had hoped that his wife and child would be rescued from the pitfall to which he was leading them.

It was little that Bessie Martin could tell Richard Grey about Denby Rise. Mrs. Massey often came to Beachstone's to buy books, and was a beautiful kind lady, and wore lovely dresses, and real diamonds. Mr. Massey often came with her, and he was a very kind gentleman. They had a little girl with bright curly hair, and a very impudent groom named Wittle, who had assurance enough to joke her, though she had not disliked him half so much since he had said that Richard Grey was a fine fellow. It was impudence, however, Bessie went on to say, for the man to tell her that Richard was rather fast; but she hoped soon to be away from Helswick. She had met Mr. Massey on the beach once or twice, and although people said he was so happy, she thought he looked miserable: he would stand staring at the sea, as if he would like to be far away on it. So she thought, however, when she saw him; but when he was with Mrs. Massey he was so kind, so good, so attentive. Oh, how delightful it must be, when people loved each other, to be always together! "Not to be separated as we are, dear Richard," Bessie continued. "But you will soon come, wont you? and fetch your poor Bessie. I am sure one of your letters has been lost; for I have only had this short one. Do write often to me, and be sure to come soon."

Bessie's was a true description of Paul's occasional solitary rambles; but how incomplete! Paul had thought all sorts of wild things in those reveries. Once it seemed as if a voice whispered to him that rest could only come through the death of Winford Barnes, and then the prompter advised the forcible removal of his tormentor. Paul checked the murderous thought, and shuddered at the horrible suggestion. But the whisper came again, and seemed to ask what was the death of a worthless wretch such as Barnes, compared with the happiness and safety of Anna and her child. "Crush him out of your path—trample upon him," the tempter seemed to say, until Paul went home in a frenzy of fear and dread, and lay seriously ill for many long weary days.

---

(To be continued.)

---

## AN OLD WORLD RAMBLE IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

LET us forget for a time, dear reader, the bustle and activity of our own day, and travel gravely and soberly back for nearly three hundred years, and then plant ourselves unobtrusively among the men and women of "good Queen Bess's" days. We shall have a goodly pioneer to guide us in our ramble; yonder grave-eyed man in black with the high white forehead, and peaked beard, will go along with us. You all know him well, you all love him: it is Will Shakespeare, once the country boy in merry Stratford, who was to be seen morning after morning

"Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school;"

once the merry knave who stole the deer in Charlecote Chase, and who danced with the lightest heel beneath the "Boundary Tree" at Shotttery: it is our own dear friend and gossip Will, not very well off at present, and a few years ago, if report speaks truly, reduced to holding horses at the doors of the London theatres. Our ramble shall be only in the world which Shakespeare has peopled; we will not look beyond, for all that the invincible Armada has been sighted, and the beacon-lights are flashing, and

"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down."

Our business is not with Philip's galleons, nor with her gracious Majesty, who is haranguing the troops at Tilbury with a voice like that of her bluff sire himself. We will stay in London with Shakespeare; we will loiter in Ludgate and Paul's; we will look in upon the bear-baiting at Southwark. We can stroll, too, into the country without fatiguing ourselves, for is there not Charing with its cross; and the green lanes of Saint Giles, and Saint Martin's, *really* in the fields, are close by. We can take some slight refreshment if we need it, in the way of "pudding pies" at Pimlico, or cheesecakes at Holloway, or stroll for a longer walk to pretty Marylebone, Saint Mary-on-the-bourne; but let us not venture on the Oxford Road, for there frowns the triple gallows at Tyburn where so many poor wretches, guilty and innocent, have left this world with a short shrift and a long cord.

The Thames of which Shakespeare's contemporary, Spenser, wrote,

"Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song,"

was really sweet then, and the banks by Southwark were green and fringed with the water-lily and forget-me-not. On the other side was the Strand, with its large mansions belonging to the nobility, and its

Winford's debauchery: once, for two days, when the news reached Denby that he was nearly killed, Paul had hoped that his wife and child would be rescued from the pitfall to which he was leading them.

It was little that Bessie Martin could tell Richard Grey about Denby Rise. Mrs. Massey often came to Beachstone's to buy books, and was a beautiful kind lady, and wore lovely dresses, and real diamonds. Mr. Massey often came with her, and he was a very kind gentleman. They had a little girl with bright curly hair, and a very impudent groom named Wittle, who had assurance enough to joke her, though she had not disliked him half so much since he had said that Richard Grey was a fine fellow. It was impudence, however, Bessie went on to say, for the man to tell her that Richard was rather fast; but she hoped soon to be away from Helswick. She had met Mr. Massey on the beach once or twice, and although people said he was so happy, she thought he looked miserable: he would stand staring at the sea, as if he would like to be far away on it. So she thought, however, when she saw him; but when he was with Mrs. Massey he was so kind, so good, so attentive. Oh, how delightful it must be, when people loved each other, to be always together! "Not to be separated as we are, dear Richard," Bessie continued. "But you will soon come, wont you? and fetch your poor Bessie. I am sure one of your letters has been lost; for I have only had this short one. Do write often to me, and be sure to come soon."

Bessie's was a true description of Paul's occasional solitary rambles; but how incomplete! Paul had thought all sorts of wild things in those reveries. Once it seemed as if a voice whispered to him that rest could only come through the death of Winford Barnes, and then the prompter advised the forcible removal of his tormentor. Paul checked the murderous thought, and shuddered at the horrible suggestion. But the whisper came again, and seemed to ask what was the death of a worthless wretch such as Barnes, compared with the happiness and safety of Anna and her child. "Crush him out of your path—trample upon him," the tempter seemed to say, until Paul went home in a frenzy of fear and dread, and lay seriously ill for many long weary days.

---

(To be continued.)

---



## AN OLD WORLD RAMBLE IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

LET us forget for a time, dear reader, the bustle and activity of our own day, and travel gravely and soberly back for nearly three hundred years, and then plant ourselves unobtrusively among the men and women of "good Queen Bess's" days. We shall have a goodly pioneer to guide us in our ramble; yonder grave-eyed man in black with the high white forehead, and peaked beard, will go along with us. You all know him well, you all love him: it is Will Shakespeare, once the country boy in merry Stratford, who was to be seen morning after morning

"Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school;"

once the merry knave who stole the deer in Charlecote Chase, and who danced with the lightest heel beneath the "Boundary Tree" at Shottery: it is our own dear friend and gossip Will, not very well off at present, and a few years ago, if report speaks truly, reduced to holding horses at the doors of the London theatres. Our ramble shall be only in the world which Shakespeare has peopled; we will not look beyond, for all that the invincible Armada has been sighted, and the beacon-lights are flashing, and

"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down."

Our business is not with Philip's galleons, nor with her gracious Majesty, who is haranguing the troops at Tilbury with a voice like that of her bluff sire himself. We will stay in London with Shakespeare; we will loiter in Ludgate and Paul's; we will look in upon the bear-baiting at Southwark. We can stroll, too, into the country without fatiguing ourselves for is there not Charing with its cross; and the green lanes of Saint Giles, and Saint Martin's, *really* in the fields, are close by. We can take some slight refreshment if we need it, in the way of "pudding pies" at Pinlicko, or cheesecakes at Holloway, or stroll for a longer walk to pretty Marylebone, Saint Mary-on-the-bourne; but let us not venture on the Oxford Road, for there frowns the triple gallows at Tyburn where so many poor wretches, guilty and innocent, have left this world with a short shrift and a long cord.

The Thames of which Shakespeare's contemporary, Spenser, wrote,

"Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song,"

was really sweet then, and the banks by Southwark were green and fringed with the water-lily and forget-me-not. On the other side was the Strand, with its large mansions belonging to the nobility, and its

gardens sloping down to the river-side. Among these great mansions was York House where Bacon first saw the light which was hereafter to look upon his greatness and his meanness ; hard by the luckless Raleigh lived, in sight of the Maypole round which the lads and lassies danced at merry Shrovetide. There were sweet-smelling gardens then in the very heart of what is now the city, and Shakespeare as he passed through Aldersgate Street and Bishopsgate might smell the roses and jasmine there.

Let us go for a while to the middle aisle of Paul's, for there all the world is assembled just now. We can laugh at the gay gallant, flaunting in his taffety doublet, his plumed hat, and his long sword, fancying himself "the observed of all observers;" we can shrink back into a corner as the beary-eyed alchymist limps past, thinking, doubtless, of the *grand arcanum* which he is always so *nearly* attaining, or perhaps concocting some villainous poisoning scheme against some unconscious Overbury. Here we may see the actor who, to judge by his hurried, impassioned action, and scowling brow, may be rehearsing the part of Richard Crook-back ; and near him comes Mar-text, the Curate, looking askance at the sleek, sly Jesuit from St. Omer. But soft, see yonder by the column, our bard leans his head against the grey stone, his gentle eyes are gazing out far beyond the crowd about him, far away from the narrow, common-place, grovelling world, into a higher world of his own creating.

Can we not picture some of the forms which people it, and which are rising before the poet's rapt gaze? See where, with slow and stately step, with eyes cast down and arms folded across his broad breast, there comes one clad in mourning weeds ; you know him, reader, ere I tell his name ; it is he who loved Ophelia, it is Hamlet the Dane. How sad he looks ! Truly he has borne "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the death of his murdered father, the treachery of his false mother, the cold looks of friends ; well may fair-haired Hamlet look sad. Close behind him comes fair Ophelia, old Polonius' daughter ; but, alas ! "there is no speculation in those orbs," the lovely face is expressionless, full only of passive beauty ; the wild flowers hang among her golden locks, the winds toy with those shining tresses, she turns away singing,

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

Poor heart ! listen how she mourns for the old man :

"And will he not come again,  
And will he not come again ?  
No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again."

Go thy way, poor Ophelia ; we know the rest, we know where

"There is a willow grows aslant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

Sleep peacefully, poor Ophelia, thy dark-souled lover will be with thee anon!

A fairer couple come forward now, fairer even than Ophelia; 'tis Verona's loveliest daughter Juliet, and with her is love-lorn Montague. How pleasantly do the scenes in that sweetest of love stories crowd upon us now as we see, in our "mind's eye," the forms of the lovers. How pleasantly fall the accents of Juliet's voice as she says softly:

"Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself!"

Poor lovers! In your case, indeed, the course of true love ran not smooth. Why were your young lives so beset, your sweet dreams so rudely broken? Well may we say with the Prince:

"Never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

The face of our bard brightens, we shall see a lighter crowd of fancies anon. Ah, here comes a merry company, in good sooth. Sir John, "Old Jack" rather, is there rolling his fat paunch, and roaring lustily for sack; ay, and swearing there's lime in it when it comes, and that the world is a villainous world, with no honest men in it save old Jack Falstaff himself. There is red-nosed, drunken, ne'er-do-weel Bardolph, staggering along in the scandalous old knight's company, and ancient Pistol vaunting as usual, and flourishing his sword in mid air. Ah, you knaves, you will be for the Three Cranes in the Vintry, I warrant me, or the Bear at Bridge-foot, there to make a merry night of it, and I fear me much that worthy Master Bardolph will have to cool his fiery nose against the prison bars to-morrow for fighting with the watch, or calling a nobleman's serving-man ill names. "Go thy ways, old Jock," and take a friend's advice; mend thy ways too, and take less sack in thine old age, and have no dealings with the merry wives of Windsor, lest a worse thing befall thee than the buck-basket and the ducking at Datchet Mead.

So, the roystering blades have passed on; Mercutio and a few of his sword-drawing friends have followed to some ordinary, there to eat and drink and gamble; and now comes a crowd of gentles, with rustling skirts, and waving plumes, and clinking spurs. Here is Benedict, exchanging biting witticisms with Beatrice; and here is statuesque Hermione, and sweet Perdita; and hush, draw back, you purer, gentler ones—draw back you fond mothers, you innocent white-souled maidens—for yonder stalks the remorseless consort of Macbeth, see how pale her stern face is, see how she glares about as though she too had heard those awful words,

"Sleep no more! Macbeth hath murdered sleep!"

She sees pale, blood-stained, stricken Duncan in every shadow on the

wall, she hears the clang of the war-trumpets, she sees the waving woods of Birnam coming fast on fated Dunsinane, she hears the savage cry of her fierce lord, the words of a dying man,

"Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be he who first cries, *Hold enough!*"

And art thou there too, sad Catherine, gentle lady, so hardly used? They say now-a-days that thy bluff lord was a worthy man, a good husband, and only anxious for his kingdom's good. Well, perhaps he was, but prejudice and thy story are against the supposition.

Listen, that is the voice of blue-eyed Desdemona; hear what she sings—

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow."

Dear, pure-souled lady, how truly spoke another of thy fellow-dwellers in the ideal world: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Thy life was faithful to the swarthy Moor as ever was that of the mother to her darling child, and yet the lying lips, the false tongue did thee to death.

Hark to Portia's merry laughter, as she reminds Bassanio of the caskets and the perilous choice; and see how grim old Shylock glowers at them, and keeps mumbling about his "ducats and his daughter."

But enough of the ideal world: the Master rises and beckons to us; let us follow where he leads. Here we are among the busy, noisy streets; not noisy with omnibuses, and rolling traffic of every kind as now; no railway whistles, nor great viaducts over the roadway, but quaint overhanging, gable-ended houses with shops undefended by glass windows, and their wares exposed to the public day. The flat-cap tribe of 'prentices are bawling lustily their never vaying cry of "What d'ye lack, what d'ye lack?" There is a cutler selling a damascus blade to a courtier with yellow roses in his shoes; and yonder at the corner is a broom-seller singing his song:

"My brooms are not steeped,  
But very well bound,  
My brooms are not crooked,  
But smooth cut and round.

I wish it should please you  
To buy of my broom,  
Then would it ease me  
If market were done."

Here a great Lord is going by on horseback; it is my Lord of Leicester, handsome, false Dudley, the idol of stiff-ruffed Queen Elizabeth. For shame, my Lord Earl, does your heart not smite you when you think of a certain lovely lady mourning for you in lonely Cumnor Place? Some wise men in later times have discovered that such a lady as Amy Robsart

never lived or died at Cumnor. Well, let the infidels enjoy their notion ; we will think as our fathers thought. The Queen is at Whitehall, but we will not go thither, her Majesty is too formidable a hostess for humble wanderers like us.

We will not turn into the bear-baiting at Southwark ; it is poor sport to see Bruin bitten and worried by the cowardly curs. Let us rather turn into the Globe Theatre, and see the gallants sitting on the stage ; we can do it too for a shilling. There are Raleigh, and gifted Philip Sidney who wrote "Arcadia," sitting with their feet among the green rushes which strew the stage.

The play is over, the actors gone, and we go out with the crowd. We have had a glimpse, a very slight one, of the world of Shakespeare ; we must leave it now, reluctantly ; and as we find ourselves, as if by magic, among the sights and scenes of the nineteenth century, we look regretfully after the fading figure of the Master, and sighing say,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again."

HESPERUS.



## CLYTEMNESTRA.

PAUSE, pale Ægisthus, stay thy fateful hand,  
 Not thine the deed of horror. Far too weak  
 Thy palsied hand for such a work of blood.  
 Know'st thou for whom the cold bright blade is bare?  
 See, 'tis *his* room the warrior king of men,  
 His shield hangs there, rough with the dents of war,  
 Hard by, the spear late red with Ilium's gore,  
 And that great sword all dight with precious gems  
 Washed in a thousand baptisms of blood.

Pause, pale Ægisthus, see, the curtain stirs,  
 He comes, whose eye ne'er bleached at living foe,  
 Once lord of her, the lily-cheeked, the fair,  
 Old Chryses' child, the dearly loved and lost;  
 He comes, the first in council as in war,  
 The Prince of fertile Argos, first of men.

Pause, pale Ægisthus, tremble and be still.  
 Think of thy ill-famed birth, thy mother's shame,  
 Thy youth full-fed with murder, and the cry  
 Of hapless Atreus slaughtered by thy hand;  
 Think on Thyestes' fiendish festival,  
 So frightful, that the bright, all-seeing Sun  
 Turned from his course in horror on that day,  
 And gave no light to men.

Pause, pale Ægisthus, tremble and be still.  
 Whose are those baleful eyes, so tiger-like,  
 Which gleam from out the darkness of the room?  
 Whose is that shapely arm, so marble white  
 Which twines round pale Ægisthus serpent-wise,  
 And plucks the dagger from his nerveless hand?  
 'Tis thine stern Clytemnestra, beautiful  
 As some sleek panther couching for his prey.  
 Fill up the measure of thy many sins,  
 Fill up the blood-red goblet to the brim.  
 Thy outraged Lord stands powerless,—one blow!  
 How deftly struck, how pitiless those eyes!  
 Was that Cassandra's shriek! Hark, yet again,  
 That wailing cry above the Palaces!  
 Ah, no! Cassandra's fateful voice is still,  
 The hand of murder red upon her breast.  
 And yet again that wailing warning cry!  
 It is the Atë of that cursed House  
 Sounding its note of ruin to the skies,  
 Calling her sister Furies to her side,  
 With black-brow'd Vengeance panting for her prey.

W. B.

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

SOME years ago, a certain company in London, used to commence their advertisements with the words, "No home without a stereoscope;" and among other wise people, I took care that my home should not lack this appendage. As a matter of course, the stereoscope introduced slides, and the slides a demand for more; and, not as a matter of course, but from the inward pressure of a whim, I took to photography, and from the many pretty bits of scenery in my neighbourhood managed to supply myself with plenty of home-made slides; but at a pecuniary cost that I never thought it worth while to mention to the "old folks at home."

A very pleasant science is photography—a nice *light* pursuit; there is something so unique in focussing a landscape: stuffing your head under a black cloth, and coming out again with face red-hot, and hair rough and tangled, as if you had just risen from your early couch. And then, too, there are all the pleasures and troubles of the bath, with all its acid, alkaline, and fogging propensities. Then again, the developing, fixing, printing, etc.; hands stained with nitrate of silver, and the pleasant risk of cyanide of potassium entering into any little crack or scratch in your skin, and entailing serious consequences—consequences that, a chemist once told me with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, might prove fatal. However, photography introduced me to Philip Longrange, and such characters are only encountered once in a life-time.

I belonged to a stereoscopic club; and the custom of each individual member was, to exchange slides with all his fellows; and as the members resided in all parts of the kingdom, we managed to turn our own same multiplied copies into a large and extensive variety at the cost of a few stamps for postage. Exchanging prints with Longrange led to correspondence—correspondence led to artistic trips—the trips led to visits; and so, on the strength of a twelvemonth's acquaintanceship, I called upon him one day, and hearing from the servant that he was in the studio, as he called his operating room, I walked up to the first floor, and from thence out on to the leads and into his glass room, where I found him in company with a friend, busy at work colouring a tremendous meerschaum pipe. The visitor was seated in a show chair that Phil kept for his *carte de visite* friends—a sham-antique affair, with a red velvet seat; and, as the auctioneers say, a ditto pincushion in the carved back. It was a rowdy looking chair and seemed for all the world as though it had been brought up in the chancel of a church, but had since turned dissipated and run into rakish habits. The host himself was seated upon a very fragile

looking plaster plinth, with his legs at right angles, sticking across a heavy looking balustrade before the distemper background he used for his portrait-taking. One slipper was sticking into the Bay of Naples, and the toe of the other seemed to be stirring up a particularly fiery stream of lava flowing down the sides of the mighty Vesuvius; while the hero of the *posé* had his head gracefully canopied with smoke and drab glazed calico at threepence per yard, wherewith the tableau was festooned. As to the little table whereon sitters would gracefully rest a hand in an impossible position, whilst "being took," it was graced with a box of lucifers, two tumblers, a paper of tobacco, and a curious-looking short-necked apoplectic stone bottle, seated cheek by jowl with a pitcher of hot water.

"Good air, you're welcome to my humble home," quoth Phil as I entered, releasing one leg from its Bay of Naples bath, and pushing a camp-stool towards me therewith; at the same time gracefully calling my attention to the ambrosia upon the table, and then introducing me to his friend in the *posé* chair, in the short unceremonious fashion of—"Scribe, Dick Sandars; Sandars, Scribe."

I followed the example of my companions, and we were soon all amongst the clouds, sipping ambrosia from the ugly stone bottle, and watching the summer sunset of a glorious July fade away into the softened twilight of eve. All the customary topics of the day had been exhausted, when friend Sandars inquired: "How about my *cartes de visites*, Longrange? when are you going to do them?"

"Never!" said Phil, seriously.

"Oh, come, nonsense," said the other; "you promised, you know."

"Can't help it," said Phil, "I've given up—sold all my traps."

"What, in the devil's name, for?" said Sandars.

"Hush! don't," said Longrange impressively, "don't ask me."

This, however, was said in such a question-me-do fashion, that we both joined to demand an explanation. Whereupon with a very serious aspect, and after replenishing both pipe and glass, he said solemnly: "I had a visitation."

"From the Archdeacon?" said Sandars.

"No, sirrah! from the arch-enemy," was the reply.

"Oh! indeed," said Sandars; "and did he bring his tail?"

"And hoofs?" I added.

"And potato fork?" said Sandars.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Phil, "such levity is out of place. What I have stated is a fact. I had a visitation, but it was in the form of a beautiful woman."

"Oh-h-h-h-h! indeed, just so," said Sandars; "a new Saint Anthony," and he continued humming:

"Devils stupid, devils wise,  
Devils great, and devils small,  
But a laughing woman, with two dark eyes,  
Proves to be—"

"Let's change the subject, gentlemen," said Longrange solemnly.

"Oh! pooh, pooh," we observed, "let's have her on the *tapis*."

"Come," continued Sandars, "'My little airy spirit!' Let's hear all about it."

I added my powers of persuasion, and after a great show of reluctance our friend began:

"You can readily perceive, gentlemen, how great a love I have always had for the science of photography. It is even exemplified in the fitting of this studio—"

"Worth about thirty bob," said Sandars, *sotto voce*.

I kicked at him under the table, and nearly upset it, but the motion was unperceived by our host, who continued:

"I have been one of its most ardent devotees; and but for the horrors of that fearful night should doubtless have continued to lend my poor aid towards extending its wondrous—"

"Question," said Sandars; and, in spite of a kick, he continued: "*In medias res*, old fellow; suppose you put the introduction at the end, and then I can use my own discretion about staying it out."

"Wondrous-er-er—wondrous-er," stammered Longrange halting, and not noticing his interruption.

"Ah, that's right," said Sandars, "come at once to the 'wondrous her.' She it should be, though; *n'est ce pas?*"

"Gentlemen," continued the narrator, "it was one evening last month, a gorgeous June evening, when the skies were blushing—"

"Now *don't*," said Sandars; "my dear fellow, pray don't lay the colour on so thick; you are really too Turneresque. Let's have the natural tint, pray. But I beg your pardon; pray proceed."

"As I said before you interrupted me, sir, the skies were blushing with the last rays of the setting sun. I was seated at that table mounting prints that I had been busy over during the afternoon, when the door suddenly opened and a female, dressed in the height of fashion, glided into the room. For a moment I was quite staggered, for I could not imagine how a complete stranger could have obtained entrance; but thinking she might have mistaken the house for that of a regular photographer, and at the same time being somewhat struck with her singular beauty, I recovered myself; and willing for once to exercise my scientific knowledge in so beautiful a cause, I yielded to the spell her glorious eyes cast upon me, and, in obedience to her wishes, prepared to take a negative. On offering my hand to lead her to the chair, she at once took it and clasped it tightly with her own, and a tingling sensation seemed to course through my veins, while a mist spread before my eyes; but making an effort, I placed the chair, and she seated herself in it—the very one you are seated in now, Sandars."

"The deuce it is," said Sandars, with a mock-horrified start.

"The deuce it was," said the narrator. "Well, upon being seated and the little table placed by her side, she leaned her arms upon it, loosened

her bonnet, took it off, tied the strings together, and putting her arm through them let it swing negligently by her side. She then gave her beauteous head a shake, and a cascade of sunny ringlets descended over neck, shoulders, and waist, rippling over the back of her chair, and clustering into her lap; while her rosy lips, half parted, displayed teeth to which pearls would hardly bear comparison. I never saw so perfect an ideal of womanly beauty; but at the same time could not but notice the great care she exercised in keeping her feet beneath the folds of her dress; notwithstanding, I caught a glimpse of one, and it struck me as being of a peculiar shape. For a while I stood as though entranced, forgetting what I had undertaken in the lovely vision before me. In obedience to a smile, and a little gesture of impatience, I prepared a plate, and then proceeded to arrange the camera, congratulating myself that a perfect picture would remain to me, even when the lovely original had departed; but I felt unnerved; my hands trembled, and it was only after several essays that I screwed the lenses to the right focus. At last all was ready, and with the customary warning to my visitor, to fix her eyes upon a particular object, and at the same time, to release me from their influence, I proceeded to expose the plate, and removed the cap of the camera.

"My sitter was perfectly motionless; but in spite of my warning, her eyes, I found, glittering with a strange light, were fixed upon mine, causing every nerve in my body to thrill and my hands to tremble so that I could scarcely replace the cap. However, I took out my plate; hurried into the developing room; and in its dimness felt more at ease, for I was beyond the influence of my visitor's strange eyes; though even in the gloom of the closet they seemed to meet mine in the water of the sink before me. I was desirous of having as perfect a negative as possible, and with the greatest care I proceeded to develop the picture. I poured on my solution, watching its effect with anxious eye, and greatly to my surprise the background appeared first. I poured on more solution, and then the chair appeared perfect and complete, but nothing else. At last I fixed the picture, washed off, and admitted the light, thinking that my eyes had deceived me; but, no! I stared with astonishment, for nothing but the chair and background was visible—not a trace of the figure.

"I felt puzzled, but immediately prepared another bath; took fresh collodion and solutions, and got ready another plate. My visitor, I found, had not moved, and she replied to my apology with a sweet smile that made my blood dance, for she looked more lovely than before; and I trembled again with haste to obtain a portrait that my heart whispered I might keep for ever. I re-arranged one or two blinds to get a better fall of light, and then tried again; but upon developing the picture the result was precisely the same as before: nothing but the chair standing out perfect and alone before the background, and this was the more strange, as in the camera not a trace of it was visible from the way my



visitor was seated. Then, and then only, a sort of undefined fear came over me—a feeling that all was not right; but I tried again with no better success, always meeting the same sweet smile in reply to my excuses.

“I determined to try once more, and with everything fresh, but with the light fast fading, I made another attempt. My heart leaped within me as I gazed at the beautiful miniature I had before me whilst focussing. Everything was performed with the most rigid care: time studied to a nicety; and with renewed hopes that the chemicals had been out of order, and that the cause was not what I half dreaded, I went through each preliminary, hurried into the developing room, dashed the solution over the glass, waited patiently, and again nothing but the chair. But in the clear water of my slate cistern I saw a sight which made me start; for reflected therein, in all their beauty were the eyes of my strange visitor glowing with a fearful luminosity. I looked round, and there at my side in the dim obscurity she stood, and I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek, as she hissed out the one word, ‘Philip.’ I dropped the glass plate, and it was shivered to atoms; my senses reeled; but as though drawn on by magnetic influence, I clasped her in my arms, and my lips sought hers. Her wild eyes seemed to burn into my brain; but I felt intoxicated with love—”

“Did he say *love*?” whispered Sandars.

“And, forgetting all but the present, our souls seemed mingled in one long ecstatic kiss, but one that, at length, seemed to turn to fire. At last struggling to free myself, and disengaging my lips I shrieked with pain. I tried to start back, but could not, for I was tightly clasped in an embrace whose power was resistless; and I could feel that I grew fainter with every effort to be free. Every breath I drew was replete with flame, and knowing that I was in the grasp of a supernatural being, I felt that life was parting from me. At last the present passed away, for Nature could bear no more, and then all was blank.”

“You were not carried off as a prize, I see,” said Sandars.

“I was found the next morning by the servants,” continued Longrange. “I had lain where I fell, all night, and was in a state of the wildest delirium, from which I did not fully recover for a fortnight; and then my first act was to get rid of all my apparatus; for never more will I engage in a science whose practice brings one in contact with entities of so appalling a nature.”

“Bravo,” said Sandars, “a bottle imp. Of course all that is true?”

“The subject was too serious for a jest,” said Longrange.

“And you consider that your visitor was a spirit?”

“Most decidedly.”

“You really believe what you have told us yourself?”

“Believe it! of course; didn’t I see it all?”

“And you still hold that it was a spirit? Though I do not doubt it; for I am of the same opinion.”

"Oh, yes! a spirit decidedly."

"Gin?"

"Absurd!" said Phil.

"Rum?"

"Nonsense!" said Phil.

"Brandy?"

"Well, there might be something in that, *I* think," said I.

"Just so," said Sandars. "And I say, old fellow, I'm off; but you know the old Scotch proverb about taking a hair of the dog that bit you; so next time you have a fit of *del. trem.*, try devilled biscuit. It's the finest thing in the world for the blue devils."

## MORE SALUTATIONS.\*

THE salutations of the Romans indicate the course of their history and development as a people more strikingly perhaps than those of other nations. In the days of their first rugged bravery and staunch republican virtue, when aptitude for war was their great desideratum, we hear of "*salve*" and "*vale*"—Be healthy! be strong! Have value as a man and a brave man too! There was a rough military bluntness in all the older Roman language. The conception those warriors formed of the real *value* of a man was attached to his strength and courage, a meaning of the word preserved in our language in its original form *valor*.

In later and more degenerate times, the reverences and kissing of hands, the compliments and sweet speeches of these same Romans were so fulsome as to excite the ridicule of Lucian, who satirizes the servility that was exhibited to the rich. "What," says he, "can be more contemptible than those rich fools who are always showing their purple garments, stretching out their fingers that you may see the rings upon them, and practising a thousand follies? But what is still more ridiculous, if they meet, they will speak to you only by proxy, as thinking it honour sufficient if they permit you but to look at them; some are so proud as even to expect adoration, not at a distance, or after the Persian mode, but coming close up, with your eyes fixed on the ground, and showing the submission of your soul by the humble posture of your body, kissing the breast or hand. And even this is looked upon as a high and mighty favour by those who are not so happy as to arrive at it: and thus the idol shall stand for a long time and suffer himself to be made a fool of. At the same time, I must own, we are obliged to the cruel creatures for refusing the honour of their lips."

What a world of expression is in the old Greek salutation "*Xaipe!*"—Rejoice! Be glad! What a people must they have been! their earthly existence rounded off with a completeness in the enjoyments of intellect, of grace, and of freedom, that has not fallen to the lot of any other nation. Think of the Spartan who "smiled in dying," and then believe that it was no mere conventionalism which the Greek uttered when he saluted his companions with the inspiriting word "Rejoice!"

Tame and insipid after this is the imported salutation of the modernized Greek, whose heartiest ceremony is his business-like method of drinking toasts. At feasts no guest partakes of wine, without first offering an appropriate wish to each of his fellow-guests—to the scholar

\* Continued from the November number.

progress in his studies, to the young lady a good husband, and so on. As only one person at a time can do this, the process must be rather tedious to the thirsty souls.

The merchant princes of the middle ages, the Genoese, expressed the two elements of their character in the salutation, "Health and Gain!" The priest-ridden Neapolitan bade you "Grow in sanctity!" The liberal Piedmontese carried his politeness so far as to profess, "I am your slave!"

Our own ordinary salutations at the present day I hold to be as forcible and terse as those of any people or any times. What phrases, after all, if we consider their signification, can be deeper or finer than the simple-sounding inquiries, "How are you?" "How do you do?" To do! this word contains the whole essence of productive existence, national and individual. The greatness of this country may be attributed to the endeavour to answer aright that important question, "How do you do?" The careful consideration of the same question by every one of us is of the utmost moment. *Doing* is so universal among us; we do not, like the Germans, ask a man, "*Was machst du?*"—What dost thou?—but *how* do you do it? *Do* you must; there is no question about that with us. Such a salutation could belong to no other than an active, busy, energetic nation. It is the badge of our industrial and commercial character.

No better evidence can be given of the force and reach of this searching question than the spirit which pervades that memorable answer to it, for such it appears to us, given by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. In the awful hour of preparation for the tremendous conflict we can well imagine that every eye turned steadily towards the Admiral's ship, to know "*how* they were to do that day?" To do? how?—why, "England expected that every man would do his duty!" That was the answer which compressed into a few words the predominant feeling, the characteristic sentiment, of a whole nation; and never perhaps before or since was the verb *to do* conjugated with such vigour as on that glorious day.

If the external aspect of our national character is in some sort expressed by our salutation, "How do you do?"—the active existence of an inner life, of the restless, dancing flame within, is implied in the inquiry, "How are you?" "It is indeed *the* question," says a powerful writer in the *Quarterly Review*. "All knowledge, science, all reason, thought, imagination, is nothing else but the effort of the blinded Cyclops, feeling about the walls of his cavern—all, merely a struggling to find out 'how we are.'"

## PAUL ROMAINE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S."

(Continued from Page 64.)

## CHAPTER X.

## THE SUMMER TERM.

It has been suggested to me that certain of my acquaintances may discover likenesses to themselves in some of the personages of this history, and be offended thereat; but *que voulez vous?* can I help it? However, if there be any such thin-skinned ones who peruse these pages, let them take the following incident to heart. Travelling once abroad I went by chance into a barber's shop, and while submitting myself to the hands of the worthy tonsor, I remarked that his shop contained a large assortment of block-heads, the faces of which were very ingeniously carved. I praised the workmanship; whereupon the barber said: "Ah! sir, those block-heads have been a great source of trouble to me!"

"How so?" asked I in astonishment.

"Why, in this way, sir," answered he; "when they were first exhibited in my shop, not a day passed but a crowd of people came here, and asked me whether I meant to insult them, for such and such a block-head was exactly like them in the face; and one old gentleman went so far as to call me very ill names on the occasion. Well, this troubled me greatly for a time, but at length I could bear it no longer. So one day when a crowd of complainants were assembled in my shop, 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'you are angry because you see a likeness to yourselves in these block-heads of mine; but if such a likeness does exist, it is clearly the fault of Nature, and not mine; so you must blame Nature for it, and leave me and my block-heads alone.' And believe me, sir, not one of them ever complained afterwards."

I leave the moral of the barber's story to those of my friends who think they discover a likeness in any of my characters, and now let us get back to Oxford as fast as we may.

The summer term had begun. Chilly, dusty, treacherous spring (for in spite of what poets say to the contrary, spring is a very unpleasant part of the year) had vanished, and the long bright days of summer had fairly commenced. I know no place more pleasant than Oxford in the summer-time; if one could only be idle all day, there is no better place in the world to dream and be idle in; but when a man is conscientious, and is firmly determined to get through his fixed amount



of reading daily, he has a hard struggle with the sunshine, the green trees, the fair sky, and the delights of the river and the cricket-field, all which allure him like so many syrens away from his hot rooms and his books.

Paul Romainé found this in his first summer term, but being of a firm, not to say obstinate, character, the syrens were generally unsuccessful with him. When, however, the books were closed, Paul realized the full enjoyment of the season. How often did he, in after years, look back, as so many men have done, to those glorious summer days in Oxford—days when the noble college fronts looked bright and cheerful in the pure, clear atmosphere, the graceful towers of All Souls standing out sharply against the background of blue sky; St. Mary's spire glowing in the sun-set, its beautiful carvings bathed in a rosy mist—days when the mighty trees in the Broad walk extended a kindly shade over the hot boating-man as he came hurrying back from the river, over the cool lounge, and the simpering nurse-maid, and over the portly Don strolling out in search of an appetite before Hall! Many an hour is spent among the summer trees, and bright flowers of the gardens of St. John's and New College, which is thought little of then, but often longed for—ah! how earnestly—when life has proved a path with many thorns and very few roses, a desert where the gardens and such like oases are *very* "few and far between!"

But what matters it? After all, Horace's maxim of "*carpe diem*," is the best: let us enjoy the gardens, and the flowers, and sunshine while they last; and when the gardens are bare, the flowers withered, and the sunshine gone, we must wrap our cloak about us (if we have one), and go out to meet the wind and rain as manfully as we may. So thought our friend Paul, as with a volume of Tom Moore's poems in his hand, he reclined at ease under a chestnut tree in St. John's gardens. From this luxurious ease he was aroused by the voice of Challoner, addressing him with: "Oh! here you are, most lazy of Sybarites! I've been looking for you half over Oxford."

"Have you?" said Paul, "I'm very sorry, I'm sure; but not having the faintest idea that you wanted me I couldn't be expected to be on the look-out."

"Well, come on the river, will you?"

"What, now? with the thermometer at 90 degrees; not if I know it."

"Nonsense, it's the coolest place," retorted Challoner; "besides we needn't pull, we'll have a punt and float down the river. Or have a canoe if you like."

"No, that will be too much like the card in the song, you know—what is it—'Nelly Grey,' when he says: 'We'll float down the river in the little red canoe, while my banjo so sweetly I'll play.' But I don't mind a punt."

Accordingly, Paul and Challoner departed towards Medley Lock, on that part of the river which is less frequented than the Iffley end, and

where a long row of trees offers a strong inducement to those who understand the true *dolce far niente* enjoyment as well as Oxford men do.

Beautiful looked the Isis in the bright sunshine as our two friends embarked in their punt, and allowed it to drift pretty much as the tide directed. The river, which is broader here than in most parts, was flashing into a thousand sparkles; here and there large beds of green water-weeds lay like miniature islands; on one side was the flat expanse of Port Meadow, with its browsing cattle; on the other the long avenue of trees fringing the towing-path; and over all hung the fair blue sky, flecked with masses of white cloud, like capes and far-off headlands rising out of the ocean.

Paul and Challoner punted themselves leisurely along till the avenue was reached. Beneath the shade the water lay dark and cool, the tall reeds rustled, the insects made a dreamy hum, and all things seemed to invite repose. Our friends did not go to sleep, however, but letting their punt drift in among the reeds, they lay on their cushions and looked up dreamily into the sky, and thought. A writer of the present day has said most truly that young men *think* more than old ones, and that to speak of "thoughtless youths," meaning persons who seldom or never think, is a great mistake. Of course there are people who, like the jolly young waterman in the song, "row along, thinking of nothing at all;" but they will do so just as much at sixty as at twenty. Young men do not think so much of the cares of life, because they have never known them; but their minds are generally more occupied than those of their seniors, who have fought the battle of life and are resting on their arms in that stage of existence which may be styled "the after-dinner napping stage." So Paul and Challoner thought, or dreamed if you like it better, as they lay, in their punts on that summer afternoon.

"What are you thinking about, Challoner?" asked Paul, whose reverie came to an end first.

"Of many things," answered his friend, "among others, that a happy home must be a very jolly thing."

"Why, of course it is. It needs no ghost to tell us that," said Paul.

"Exactly, but I didn't put it forth as a new idea, Romainé," said Challoner gravely; "I meant that I wished I could enjoy what others do, a really happy home."

"And don't you?" asked Paul, who had noticed hitherto that Challoner had avoided all mention of his family.

"I'll tell you, old fellow, for you're my best friend, I think, though we have not known each other very long. I don't choose to talk about my affairs as a rule, and I can't stand impertinent comments, but I'll tell you, and you'll perhaps be able to sympathize with me. My father lives at a place down in the country, as pretty a place as I ever saw, Fairwater it's called; and there we've always lived, and a good many Challoners before us, I believe; but that's all nothing. My mother died when I was quite a boy, leaving me and a sister a little younger than I

am. Well, you may suppose my life wasn't like what it had been after that; there were no more happy days for me then. My mother and I always understood each other, and sympathized with each other; my father never did much either way. He was always occupied in some of the things that country gentlemen are always busy with, and took little notice of me or my sister Edith. Well, things went on in a sort of dull, gloomy way, till all at once my father informed me that he intended to marry again. I was awfully surprised of course, for I hadn't taken much notice of him, except that he had been away from home a good deal; besides I was at Rugby then, and only at home for a short time. Well, my father *did* marry, and now you know my skeleton, Romainé; '*est mihi injusta noverca*,' my step-mother and I have never agreed, and never shall."

"It's the old story then about step-mothers?" said Paul.

"It is so in my case, though I don't believe it's universally true," answered Challoner; "but, by Jove, it's hard upon Edith and me, to see a young woman, not much older than I am, sitting where my poor mother used to sit, and lording it over us. She isn't such a bad sort of woman if she wasn't put in a false position; but as it is—why, my home isn't a happy one, Romainé, and sometimes I feel simply wretched, that's the fact. So much malignity, and evil-speaking and lying goes on, that I wish that I for one were well away from the whole thing. But I'm boring you with all this, old fellow, like a selfish beggar as I am."

"My dear fellow," answered Paul earnestly, "I'm most glad that you have told me your trouble; two of us can bear a nuisance better than one, at all events we'll try. I've often wondered at the cause of your being gloomy and cut up, but I can easily understand it now."

"You would understand it better if you could put yourself in my place, and have the things said to you, and the letters written to you full of little, petty, malicious things, as I have. But never mind, I've told 'the secrets of my prison-house,' and I shall be better for it. By the bye, my people are coming up here for Commemoration, so you'll have an opportunity of seeing them; at all events I want them to see *you*."

"I thought of asking my mother and sister to come up too," said Paul, "but I don't know if they can manage it."

Challoner knew the story of his friend's narrow means, for Paul had early disclosed the fact to him, so he only said now that if it could be managed it would be very pleasant to have so large a family party up together, and left Paul to manage it after his own fashion. Presently they punted themselves further up the river to Godstow, where stand the ruins of the nunnery supposed to have been the burial-place of ill-fated Fair Rosamond.

"I wonder how many of the men, who row down here every day, know or care anything about those ruins?" said Paul, as they came into view of the ivy-covered walls of the nunnery.

"Not one in fifty, I should say," answered Challoner, "there are a class of men who think it weak and unmanly to care about such things."

"They are confounded fools, then," said Paul gruffly. "Unmanly, indeed! Can't a man be as good a man as his neighbours because he happens to know a little English history, and to take an interest in a bit of antiquity? Is it such a disgraceful thing to know something beyond the management of a boat or the breed of a bull-dog?"

"But there are lots of men who have read, and taken a class too, and yet have no feelings of that sort. There's Grindsby of Corpus, you know; he took three 'Firsts,' and yet he doesn't know an old ruin from a modern brick wall."

"I hate a mere classical machine," answered Paul; "any mere machine is bad, be he classical, mathematical, or anything else. There's Clark of our College, he's taken a First in mathematics, and yet he's the poorest, slowest, stupidest beggar you ever saw in your life, a machine, nothing more. Our men call him 'old Rhomboid.' I don't wonder at *such* men not caring for Nature, or antiquity, or anything but the dry bones of their own subjects; but it does seem strange that so many men up here care for nothing beyond mere athletics, or mere grinding for the schools."

"It's a want of proper education, I suppose," said Challoner; "they have never learnt anything beyond the work which they are examined in, and the rowing or cricketing which is to serve them for exercise. Lots of men think it sentimental humbug to care for things like your favourite ruin there."

"Well, all I can say of such people is best expressed in the words of Mr. F.'s aunt, 'I hate a fool!' You recollect her in 'Little Dorrit,' of course? I confess that I am sentimental, and I glory in it, and yet 't fancy any fellow will accuse me of being effeminate or lack-a-daisical."

"I should rather think not," answered Challoner, laughing; "your long limbs don't look very womanish, I must confess; besides I ought to know something of your sparring powers. But come, we must get our punt back, the stream is with us, so we shan't have much work."

Paul had some doubts whether he ought to suggest the visit of his mother and sister, considering the expense it would entail; but as they were both anxious to visit Oxford some time during his residence there, and as Paul was equally anxious to have them up, it was finally arranged that Mrs. Romaine and Maude should make their visit during this term. Accordingly, Paul engaged modest lodgings for them in quiet Holywell Street, and looked forward to their coming with all the natural pride which an Oxford man feels when his friends first visit him in his College rooms.

Meantime, Paul was fully employed. In the cool of the evening

there was the inevitable practice in the Torpid, whence Paul could never escape, as he was, by this time, acknowledged as a principal member of the crew. He found some difficulty in escaping from the rest of the men after the night's pulling was over, and retiring to his own rooms to read; for most of the crew were not reading men, and when not rowing were amusing themselves. Paul, however, had an object in view, and he was not a man to be turned from his purpose; so as soon as his jersey and other boating habiliments were thrown aside he escaped to his rooms and sat down steadfastly to his books. He was not very popular among the men at the College barge; he was one of those men who are never very popular among young fellows of their own age. While the boating critics acknowledged the strength and pluck and steady perseverance which Paul displayed in his place in the boat, yet most of the crew shrank from their silent reserved companion, who was usually brief in his answers if civilly addressed, and uncommonly rough and caustic if anything like rudeness was attempted: good-humoured chaff he took kindly enough. The fact was, that Paul didn't care a straw for the burly young giants who pulled with him in the boat. They were most of them good-tempered, stupid fellows, rather conceited perhaps, and not inclined to be very familiar with Paul unless he invited it; so when our friend showed himself cold and reserved, they put it down in their own dull, matter-of-fact minds to pride, and bumptiousness, which they considered most unwarrantable in a man who was not in a rich, fast set, nor in fact in any set at all.

This not being in a set makes a great difference to men at Oxford; a man who studiously avoids identifying himself with any set whatever, finds himself pretty much alone during his three or four years of residence. Those few men who saw more of Paul alone declared him a very pleasant companion, though a very queer fellow. Such a verdict is often passed by stupid people on a friend who is cleverer than themselves.

Commemoration week began with a promise of fine and settled weather, and so many anxious hearts which palpitated beneath gay summer dresses were set at rest. The fair army of lady visitors stormed grave old Oxford in unusually large force this year, and the High, which a few days before had worn its usual aspect of quiet, regular business, was now gay with the bright skirts, and bewitching hats and pretty sun-shades of the girls. I say *girls* to avoid invidious distinctions, always unpleasant, and especially so when ladies are concerned, and also to save myself the trouble of particularizing the mammas, and even grandmammas, who were now gazing, to their dear heart's content, on the wonders of the city; stopping to abuse the ugly front of Queen's, asking, for the sixth time within two hours, the name of University, and admiring the pretty things in the windows of the multifarious Spiers.



I need not say that Mrs. Romaine felt particularly proud and happy as she leaned on the arm of Paul, and was paraded by that gentleman solemnly down the High. You know enough of Mrs. Romaine by this time, to see that she was every inch a mother, and thought Paul a paragon, a *rara avis*; whereas you and I, dear reader, know better. Little Maude—I call her little from habit, I suppose, for she was not of a pigmy stature—looked and laughed and wondered, and plied Paul with questions, till he almost regretted that he had not got up the history of Oxford more completely, such new and puzzling questions were put to him.

"What lots of girls, and how delighted they all look," said Maude presently, as they were coming back towards Magdalen.

"Yes, they look very jolly, I must confess," answered Paul. "I fancy girls lay themselves out to enjoy themselves at Commemoration more than anywhere else; they never seem to get tired of walking, dancing, and cider-cup."

"Oh, what a beautiful tower, Paul! this can't be anything else but Magdalen." This from Maude, who was surveying the fairest college in all Oxford with delighted eyes.

"Yes, this is Magdalen," said her brother. "On the top of that tower they sing a hymn on the first of May, which I should like to hear very well if they didn't select five in the morning for the performance, but that's rather an unseasonable hour, you know. But come, let us go in to the walk."

Who does not love Magdalen walk, who has seen it in its summer beauty? Who does not remember with delight the over-arching trees, the winding path, edged with flowers, the deer grouped under the giant trees in the park, and the Cherwell gliding sluggishly by under the banks?

"This part of the walk where we now are," said Paul, "is Addison's walk. Here he used to walk, in his college days, long before he was the Right Honourable Joseph, Secretary of State. I think he was at Queen's first, and then came here: they could do those sort of things in his day."

"What a pretty girl, Paul, do you see her?" said Maude, who had listened very demurely to this scrap of information—"there, walking with another lady and two gentlemen."

"Why, that's Challoner, and she must be Challoner's sister," answered Paul.

Challoner's sister! A very ordinary common-place remark, is it not? Yet pass it not over lightly, for the words, or rather the person to whom they refer, is of much importance in this history. This then was the Edith of whom Frank Challoner had once or twice spoken. Let us see what Edith was like. She was leaning on her brother's arm, and her hat shaded and partly concealed her face. It would no doubt be more in accordance with the usage of romance, were I to devote three or even

four pages to a detailed description of this young lady, dwelling with pre-Raphaelite minuteness on every shade of her hair, and passing expression of her eyes; but I must run the risk of breaking all known rules of story-telling, and make my description very simple indeed. Of course, you have determined that Edith Challoner is to be a heroine—not the only one, however, but she will be undoubtedly one of my heroines—so imagine her, if you can, a fair complexioned pretty girl, with none of your wax-doll smiling faces, but a thoughtful, earnest, gentle face, such as we see sometimes in a picture, and always love to look long at; a face which makes us think of pure love and womanly devotion, and suggests a strong denial to those strictures on the sex which make out most women to be weak, frivolous, and silly. In repose Edith's face was very thoughtful, almost melancholy perhaps; but when interested by conversation, her large, deep blue eyes sparkled, and her every feature played in unison with the emotions which the subject excited. But I am insensibly dropping into the lengthy description (so strong is the force of habit), so let me say that her hair was fair, golden in fact, though neither the "threaded gold," nor "the sun-kissed locks," which poets are so fond of telling us about; and having said so much, my readers must, if they have a leaning that way, fill up the portrait for themselves.

Frank Challoner at once came forward to speak to Paul, and mutual introductions followed. Mr. Challoner and his wife began to talk common-place, as is the custom on such occasions. Paul found himself beside Edith, and Challoner talked to Mauda. No one talked so much, or so continually, as Mrs. Challoner, who, leaning on her husband's arm, addressed herself to everybody on every possible subject. She was a little, thin woman, with thin lips, and a long thin nose, which was on the present occasion, owing doubtless to the hot weather, tinged with something more than a suspicion of redness. She was very gaily dressed, and in a very juvenile style, and frequently patted her husband, and even Mrs. Romainé, with her mauve sun-shade, when very interested in conversation. Artless creature! She seemed to find everybody so agreeable; in fact, she said as much more than once. Mr. Challoner was a tall, handsome man, whose bearing was that of a gentleman, though somewhat of the stiff-backed school. He was always courteous, using a stilted, many-worded kind of courtesy; but also he was always cold, never familiar, and never without his stately manner.

I shall not offer to relate the talk which passed between this party as they walked round Magdalen and Christ Church meadows. It was chiefly about Oxford, and how they enjoyed it, with such exclamations as: "Oh, what a delicious bit of landscape! do you sketch, Mr. Romainé? I'm sure you must!" or "There's that dear old Christ Church again; pray tell me all about the great bell—Tom, is it?—for Frank never will tell me about it;" and so forth: such exclamations always emanating from Mrs. Challoner, who was so impulsive, as she told

Paul presently. By and bye Challoner asked the Romaines to come to his rooms to lunch, and when Paul demurred to this, wishing to keep his friends to himself, Mr. Challoner pressed the invitation in a stately manner, and Mrs. Challoner in an impulsive manner, which finally overcame Mrs. Romaine and Maude, though it made no impression save one of annoyance on our friend Paul.

"Well, Paul, what do you think of your friend Challoner's relatives?" asked Mrs. Romaine that evening.

"Why, I pity him, poor fellow, and quite understand all that he has hinted at," answered Paul.

"Then you don't like them?" said his mother.

"Like them! why, the father is a pompous lump of animated ice, and the step-mother—— Poor Challoner! I wonder she hasn't turned his hair grey."

"I don't see much sign of it yet," said Maude laughing; "but come, Paul, what of your friend's sister? is he to be pitied on her account too?"

"No; it strikes me, that's the one link that binds him to his home," Paul said thoughtfully. "I daresay she's a comfort to him, she seems sensible enough." And with that they went to bed.

And Edith, did she find no more flattering expression for her new acquaintance? Alas! dear, curious reader, I know not even whether she thought Paul was sensible or not, or whether she thought about him at all.

The engrossing round of Commemoration pleasures came crowding upon our friends, and although the Romaines by no means visited all the balls, concerts, flower-shows, and theatricals, which are crowded into that week of holiday-making, yet their time was fully occupied. There was Show-Sunday, with its ecclesiastical display in St. Mary's, the Doctors solemnly marching in with their scarlet gowns, the Vice-Chancellor with his mace-bearers, the Proctors in their huge velvet sleeves, and long white hoods. Then the sermon followed, preached by one of Oxford's most approved divines; and if any one present felt inclined to pronounce the discourse dry, there was plenty to look at in the church. The galleries were crowded with the black mass of undergraduates; below were the seats of the Doctors and Heads of Houses, the Masters and the Bachelors; and the sides of the church were lined with the bright bonnets and still brighter faces of the ladies. Show-Sunday concluded with the promenade in the Broad walk, beneath the giant elms, whose branches have overshadowed Shelley, and Heber, and Addison, and a hundred others whose names are immortal. Here, on this fair summer evening, when the sinking sun shot its deep red rays through the thick leafage of the elms, and flashed golden red on the willow fringed waters of the Cherwell, all the gay crowd of Oxford

visitors were assembled. So dense was the crowd that the two streams of people could proceed up and down only at a veritable snail's pace. All ranks of University men were there, from the white-haired Master of some ancient College, to the smooth-faced Freshman of a few weeks' standing. Bright-eyed girls laughed and prattled as they hung on the arms of stately Masters, who, sooth to say, seemed to like their position well enough. A few unfortunate College Fellows, who had no friends up to visit them, stalked about moodily; and among these was the Dean of St. Chrys'tom's, who surveyed the scene through his invariable eye-glass with an expression which, if meant to be prepossessing, fell very short of its object.

Paul and his friends were walking in company with the Challoners, and Percy Cheyne, who had been introduced to Mrs. Romaine and Maude, was of the party. He had no friends up in Oxford this term, and Mrs. Romaine had begged that he would accompany them to the Broad walk, which Percy was only too glad to do, and now in the thick of the crowd you might have noticed, had you been there, that the young man was walking with little Maude. There was something about Percy which made you like him at once, yet you could scarcely tell what that something was. He was frank, bold in his talk, always light-hearted, thoughtless, and full of fun. You felt that you could not feel any great confidence in so heedless a fellow, and yet his gay, pleasant talk on every subject (for Percy was a clever and a tolerably well-read man, for all his careless habits), invariably delighted you, and made you forget that the same man would probably go and do some very foolish thing before night. Maude knew little about Percy's shortcomings in this respect, but she knew on this bright summer evening, when the "bonny Christ Church bells" were pealing joyously over the green meadows and the quiet river, that her companion was the pleasantest she had ever known, and she began to realize the fact that there might be other heroes in the world as well as that great, broad-shouldered Paul who was towering above the heads of the crowded walkers.

Paul, too, found Edith Challoner equally "sensible" on this occasion, and though she took him gently to task for one or two bursts of strong language on certain abuses which they discussed, yet Mr. Paul took his scolding very quietly, a trait by no means common in our friend's character. Mrs. Challoner made several attempts to fix herself upon Paul, but that gentleman avoided all her efforts with consummate generalship; in consequence of which poor Mrs. Romaine had to undergo an hour of the gushing, twittering nonsense, seasoned here and there with a little spice of ill-nature, which formed Mrs. Challoner's usual form of conversation. As for Frank he talked a little with his father, looked at Percy Cheyne and his pretty companion, and said very little to anybody.

The last day of Commemoration came, the great day of all, the real

*Encenia*, or Celebration of Founders and Benefactors, as the Oxford Calendar calls it. Paul had obtained tickets for the ladies' gallery, and now delivered his mother and sister to the care of Mrs. Challoner, whilst he with Frank and Percy Cheyne betook himself to the undergraduates' door of the Sheldonian Theatre, ready to take part in the desperate "squash," as it is aptly named, which always takes place at Commemoration. Arriving early at the place, Paul and his two friends were enabled to stand close to the gates, and get a good grasp of the iron bars. Every moment the crowd of undergraduates kept increasing, and the pressure in the midst of a hot June day was sufficiently overpowering. Suddenly the iron gates were opened, and the crowd plunged in, only to be stopped by the great wooden doors of the theatre, against which several fists began to beat lustily. Presently a creaking within, and a shout of "look out in front," announced that the doors were about to be opened; another moment and they were thrown back, and in charged Paul with six or seven hundred men at his back, who bore him literally up the iron corkscrew staircase, which leads up to the undergraduates' gallery "among the gods."

From this exalted position, our friends looked down on the motley scene below. The area of the theatre was fast filling with M.A.'s and B.A.'s, and their male friends; whilst the ladies' gallery seemed like one great flower-garden as far as faces were concerned, and as for dresses I can only compare the scene to the well-known windows of Swan and Edgar in the midst of the London season. Below the ladies, on their own particular benches, were seated the grandees of the day; Bishops and Archbishops, side by side with a foreign Ambassador in a gay uniform; with scientific lions, and literary lions, and diplomatic lions, a whole menagerie—only these were the true animal, not such specimens as we saw once at Mrs. Chunter's house in Sloane Street.

The Oxford Saturnalia has begun in good earnest, the whole theatre is at the mercy of the dense crowd of undergraduates who throng the gallery, and who pour forth a continual stream of chaff, mingled with ringing cheers for "The ladies in blue," "The ladies in pink," "The unmarried ladies," and "All the ladies."

A keen watch is kept for any luckless intruder below, who shall, moved thereto by the heat of the weather, appear in a white hat, or a coat lighter than the black, or "subfusc" hue which is prescribed by the Oxford statutes. Such a daring individual is attacked with cries of "Turn him out!"—"A white hat!"—or still more personally, "*Will* you go out, sir?" This goes on for some time, and then enters a goodly procession—the Vice-Chancellor, the Doctors, the Proctors, the Noblemen in their gold-laced gowns, and the notable personages who are to be invested with the honorary degree of D.C.L. for all sorts of services; one for bringing a bill into Parliament, the advantages of which very few people saw; another, for turning a bill *out* of Parliament, apparently only for the reason that it contained common-sense provisions, another



for having written a book, and a fourth because he had never done anything at all.

The hubbub ceases for a time, the degrees are conferred, and the recipients thereof greeted with remarks more or less complimentary from the gallery; then the graver and sterner of the two Proctors is entreated to sing a popular song by some one in the same exalted watch-tower; and then the prize-essays are recited in two pulpits, the Latin compositions on one side of the theatre, the English on the other. The Latin essay is applauded at first, and then as its monotonous sentences become wearisome, the author is sharply requested to "cut it short." The Newdigate is listened to more attentively, as it is always a favourite, and as the nervous poet delivers his trembling lines in the true sing-song style of recitation, there is a general silence broken occasionally by clapping and cheering. And so with more shouting and laughing and cracking of jokes, the Commemoration ends, and the old Sheldonian Theatre is left to repose in the silence and dust of the Long Vacation.

Before our friends parted, Paul Romaine had accepted an invitation to visit Challoner at Fairwater Park during "the Long," and Percy Cheyne had promised to come over for a day or two, to Inglefell from Newhampton, whither he expected to go in the course of the autumn. And so they parted, and went their several ways.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A DARK PROCEEDING.

MR. PHILIP HYLLEYER had paid several visits to his lonely friend at Gaston's Folly since we last heard of him. Robert Gaston was evidently fast yielding to the attacks of a disease which had, at first, been called into existence by the excesses of the patient himself; but in spite of his pain, and the certainty of approaching death, Gaston refused to see any physician, and indeed saw no one except the two old domestics who had been with him in Australia, and Philip Hyllyer.

Under the careful eye of the last named personage, Robert Gaston had refrained from carrying his half-formed purpose into action, and leaving his property, or at least part of it, to the Romaines. But though no new will had been made, Mr. Hyllyer was by no means certain that such a document might not yet be drawn out by Gaston before he finally departed from the scene of his troubles and vices. Hyllyer had a strong distrust in that article called conscience, about which Gaston had spoken once or twice, and he felt anxious and doubtful lest that, to him, incomprehensible feeling should prompt Gaston to alter his will in favour of his cousins.

When not visiting his friend on the banks of the Thames, Mr. Hyllyer was to be seen nearly every day in some part or other of

London. His face showed that he was ill at ease, and though, if spoken to by an acquaintance, he at once assumed the smile and tone of one who is "fancy-free," yet his restless bloodshot eyes, his contracted lips, and white cheeks told a different story, and were quite sufficient to give the lie to his smiles and his soft-spoken phrases.

Mr. Hyllier seemed to be very busy about this time, and his business, whatever it was, took him to some of the driest, darkest, and most musty lanes in the whole city of London, where he visited men whose dryness, darkness (morally speaking), and mustiness were quite in keeping with the character of their dwelling-places. One person upon whom Mr. Hyllier most frequently called was Mr. Ragford, solicitor, late of the firm of Slingsby & Ragford, from which firm Mr. Slingsby had retired, perhaps because he had made his fortune, or perhaps for some other more cogent reason; at all events the task of elucidating the mysteries of the law, and asserting the majesty of the law to all who were foolish enough to interfere with it, devolved entirely on Mr. Alexander Ragford.

This gentleman lived in one of the most breathless, most dusty, and altogether most unpleasant of all the courts which Mr. Hyllier was in the habit of visiting. The outer-office of Alexander Ragford commanded a view of a dead wall, so dead in its appearance, that the bricks which composed it might have come from Herclaneum, or any other defunct city of antiquity. The inner office, the shrine of Mr. Ragford's legal oracles, commanded a view of nothing, being closed in by dingy blinds which put out the eyes of the one melancholy window, most effectually. On the walls of this *sanctum*, if such a name can be applied to an attorney's office, appeared an almanack which, though containing the days and months of the current year, was yet so brown, and dust-stained, and mouldy, that it might have been the veritable calendar of "The Year One," supposing that such useful things then existed. A dreary clock ticked loudly and monotonously on a bracket in one corner, and in a black, hard, horse-hair-covered chair, with his back to this dreary clock, sat Mr. Philip Hyllier, on a certain day, talking to his friend and legal adviser, Mr. Ragford, who was sitting opposite to him before a large office-table. Mr. Alexander Ragford was a mean-looking little man, who looked very much as though he had at some remote period been rolled alternately in a bed and a bag of feathers, and had never taken off his clothes since. He was *fluffy* from head to foot; his hair was thick and dusty and full of bits of fluffy matter; his black coat was dingy and plentifully sprinkled with fluff; so were his trowsers and his boots. But it was Mr. Ragford's face which was more fluffy than any other part; its colour was a dirty yellow, inclining to whitey-brown, and all about the cheeks and chin were little sickly tufts of fluffy matter, not hair, for they were quite unlike the bristles of unshorn men. Mr. Ragford had a peculiarity besides this outward peculiarity of fluffiness; he always spoke under protest. Though, as a lawyer, he was of course obliged to give

an opinion, yet he always gave it under protest, as though it were an impression in his own mind which he made public, but by no means wished his clients to act upon it, simply as his recommendation.

It would seem that Mr. Hyllier and his legal friend were not quite agreed on the subject which they had been discussing, or else that they were not in a hurry to arrive at any conclusion. The attorney was thoughtfully stroking his nose with the moist feathers of a long quill pen, and occasionally ceasing to write nothing on a sheet of foolscap which lay before him. Hyllier was gnawing his finger in a manner which showed all his white teeth to perfection, and made his likeness to a wild beast more than ordinarily striking.

"I know he'll do it," said Hyllier at last, taking out his finger to allow vent for his words, and then falling to gnawing it again worse than ever.

"Very possibly, my dear sir," replied the legal adviser, in a tone which neither conveyed assent nor dissent.

"I feel convinced that he'll do it," said Hyllier again; "he's just the sort of man to have a return of piety with his other ailments, and then he'll make a new will, and good-bye to my fortune for ever! But it must be prevented, and the question is, Ragford, *how* it is to be prevented?"

"My good sir," replied the lawyer more deprecatingly than ever, "you ask me how is a man to be prevented from making a new will. I answer that I fancy—pray, understand me, I don't affirm this, but I fancy that such a thing is impossible."

"You know what I mean," said Hyllier impatiently. "Of course the man's a free agent, but the will, if made, must not operate."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Ragford, "I can't allow you to remain for a moment under a mistake of this kind. If a will of a later date, than that in my possession, is found—mind, I say if such a will is *found*—it will operate, and the former will be null and void."

"I know all about that," said Hyllier. "If the will is *found*, you say? I think I take your meaning; it needn't, you know—"

"Stop, my dear sir, I beg," interposed Mr. Ragford, "don't misunderstand me. What I said was, that *if* a later will were found it would take effect to the exclusion of the former. I said no more, you will remember."

Mr. Hyllier had paid little attention to his legal adviser's last words. He was lost in thought; suddenly his face assumed an expression of settled resolve, as of a man who has turned a subject over in his mind, and has come to a fixed determination about it. "I think I see my way clearer, Ragford," he said, getting up hastily; "I won't detain you any longer now."

"I'm glad you *do* see your way, my dear sir," said Ragford, rising too, and smiling as he looked hard at Hyllier's face; "perhaps you think

I haven't been very explicit in my advice to-day. I'll add a morsel of counsel now : be very cautious what you do, and how you do it ; good-day, my dear sir ; good day !"

That same evening Mr. Philip Hyllyer walked into a small public house by the river-side, down Limehouse way, a miserable place, frequented chiefly by the dock-labourers and long-shore men whose meat and drink came from the black, filthy waters of the river. Mr. Hyllyer seemed well known, however, to the keeper of the house, a one-eyed man, with a nose so vividly red that it actually glowed in the dark corner of the bar like a red-hot coal.

"Anybody here for me, landlord?" asked Mr. Hyllyer.

"Yes, to be sure ; there's Mike Rawkins in the third box there beyond the gas-lamp ; he's after you, sir," answered the landlord of "The Old Red Barge," for by no less imposing a name was his tavern distinguished.

"Bring two glasses of brandy and water then, will you, landlord, at once," said Hyllyer, and walked forward to the box ; where, with his arms leaning on a little dirty table, his ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes, and a short black pipe between his teeth, sat Mike Rawkins, the hoarse boatman who rowed Hyllyer down to Gaston's Folly on a certain night of which you have heard, and often enough since that night too.

"Well, Mike, how are you getting on?" said Hyllyer, as he entered the box.

"Middlin'," was the sententious answer, given in a low and excessively hoarse voice, almost a whisper in fact.

"Had anything to drink?"

"Pot o' porter," growled the sententious Mike.

"Would you like some brandy and water?"

Only at these words, as if they had contained some spell, did Mike Rawkins lift up his head and say with an approach to animation, "I believe yer, hot and strong."

The brandy and water arriving at this moment, Mr. Rawkins seized upon his glass and tossed off the greater part of its contents at one gulp, and then looking at Hyllyer said in a hoarser whisper than ever : "Now, master, I'm ready."

"Well then, business!" said Hyllyer, lowering his voice so that no listener could have heard his words amidst the noisy revel which the other occupants of the room were keeping up. "What's the latest news down the river?"

"Last night him as you knows on was wuss, considerable wuss ; had a doctor agin, for the second time. Doctor came over in a gig ever so far ; doctor's boy told me that the party was very bad, a werry bad case, so his master said. I waited a bit, and presently the doctor hisself comes out ; so I goes to him and says : 'Yer pardon, sir, but how's the poor gent, sir? I used to work for him, and a kind master he was.' Well, the doctor says,

'He's mortal bad, my man ; he'll be gone before night, I expect ; and yet I can't make him go to bed, he's bothering himself about some writing or other, I think.' With that the doctor went off. So I kept about the place all day, first looking into one window and then into another and another ; it was easy enough, for there was no police about, nor nobody else either. At last when I was looking into one room where I'd seen the sick party sitting before, I saw him call in the two old servants, the man and his wife, and he showed them a bit of paper, and then wrote something, and afterwards they wrote something too, and he put the paper—"

"Where did he put the paper?" asked Hyllyer eagerly.

"Why, on the table, master," said Rawkins, finishing his brandy and water ; "and then he seemed to be took awful bad, for he turned just like a corpse, and they led him out of the room. I left soon after, but he wasn't dead then, I managed to find that out."

"Is that all?" asked Hyllyer.

"That's all," answered Mike Rawkins, refilling his pipe.

"You can't read, can you?" said Hyllyer, after a moment's silence.

"Not nothing to speak of," answered Mr. Rawkins, "leastways not beyond large print."

Mr. Hyllyer was again silent for a little while, then he said : "You have done very well, Mike, quite as well as I could wish ; but I haven't done with you yet ; you must be at the old spot with your boat to-morrow at four o'clock, and mind that you do whatever is told you by the people, who will come in my name. Do you understand?"

"All right, sir, I'll be there," replied Rawkins without removing the black pipe, which was once more between his teeth.

"Well then, good-night, Mike ; here's something to buy tobacco till me meet again." Mike's hand closed over the money which Mr. Hyllyer placed in it, and he nodded an adieu to his patron.

That same evening Mr. Hyllyer went into one of the metropolitan telegraph offices, and despatched a message, and having so done, he retired home to his lodgings.

At an early hour on the following morning, two gentlemen came to call on Mr. Hyllyer. They are both known to us, the one being Captain Halkett, he whom Paul Romaine expelled so ignominiously from the ball-room at Grey Abbots, and the other being the captain's particular friend, Mr. Slingsby. Mr. Hyllyer received the visitors with his usual smiling verbosity, which contrasted strongly with the roughness of Halkett, and the taciturn behaviour of Slingsby.

"I got your telegram last night," said Captain Halkett, "and I supposed something was up."

"Something is up, my dear fellow," answered the smiling Hyllyer, "I want you and Slingsby on a matter of very particular business."

"Something for your own good, and not for ours, I suppose," said Halkett.

"On the contrary, it is quite a mutual affair, and will benefit us both."



"Not equally, I suppose?" interposed Halkett.

"Well, not exactly, but it will benefit you and Slingsby considerably, I assure you."

"Let us hear it, my dear sir," said Mr. Slingsby.

"You have heard me speak, I think," said Hyllyer, smiling more than ever, "of a certain friend of mine, whose heir I am to be on his own promises?"

"Oh, yes, we've heard of it, though you were always deuced close about it, Hyllyer," said Halkett.

"Well, my friends, I have very nearly lost that fortune through an absurd weakness of my poor friend, who was always a very weak man. It appears that he has just made a will, made it *in extremis*, at the very point of death, which will I expect ruin all my prospects, my fortune being left in a former will. Now, my dear friends, not to beat about the bush, I want that last will, and I must have it."

"Then why don't you go and get it?" asked Mr. Slingsby.

"Because," answered Hyllyer, "I believe that my friend is either already dead, or just at the point of death. I shall be sent for at his death, and other people will be about; so that, if the will were missed, suspicion would point at once to me. As I shall be heir to the property, it is, of course, necessary that I should be very careful to preserve a sort of respectability, you know."

"Then you want us to go and steal the will for you, I suppose?" said Captain Halkett.

"Now, really, Halkett, you shouldn't use such objectionable expressions," replied the smiling Hyllyer; "it's quite unnecessary, and often very unpleasant besides. What I want is, that you and Slingsby should go down to my friend's house, before the news of his death is sent to me and others, and quietly possess yourselves of this will and bring it to me."

"But surely, Hyllyer," said Mr. Slingsby, "you don't suppose that Halkett and I can lend ourselves to such a proceeding? It's a most grave offence, I can assure you; besides consider the scandal of it."

"Nonsense!" said Hyllyer sharply; "you can't get over me with your cant, Slingsby, so don't try it; a man who has been struck off the rolls isn't over nice about scandal, and Halkett knows that I know too much about him to attempt any such talk with me. The real question is, what your reward shall be."

"Yes, and what our risk will be," said Halkett; "I'm not going to run the risk of being transported to get you a fortune, Hyllyer."

"There is no risk," replied Hyllyer. "The house is utterly secluded, no one in it but two old and half-blind servants, and I have a master-key which will admit you; so there's not much risk there. It's mere child's play, and when fifty pounds is to be got by it, you won't hesitate, I'm sure."

"Fifty pounds each?" said Halkett.



"No, no, my dear fellow, be reasonable, fifty pounds is a large sum, and one which I fancy you both want rather badly."

"Stop, Mr. Hyllier," said Slingsby, "don't trouble to go any further. Halkett can, of course, do as he likes; but if he takes my advice, he'll have nothing to do with this matter. For my part, I'll not do it for twice the sum."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Hyllier coldly; "then somebody else shall, and you'll lose a good friend; the will shall never benefit the Romaines, if I take it myself."

"The Romaines! did you say the Romaines?" asked Halkett, very eagerly.

"To be sure I did; those are the people who will get my fortune, as I expect, by this new will. But why do you ask?"

"Never mind, I'll do the thing for you," said Halkett resolutely; "I'd do it for half the money if there was twice the risk."

Slingsby drew the Captain aside and spoke very earnestly with him for some minutes, then they both came up to Hyllier and declared their readiness to accept the mission intrusted to them. Hyllier proceeded to give his friends some minute directions concerning their journey, and declared that he should wait till that night to receive the will from them, but not at his lodgings; so that if news of Gaston's death arrived, it could not reach him and render an immediate departure to the house necessary.

That same day about dusk two men wearing broad felt hats and looking very much like tourists, or travelling artists, landed at the little quay near Gaston's Folly, and were accompanied by the boatman, Rawkins. The two men slouched about out of sight, while Rawkins went up to the house to see the state of affairs there.

"I don't like this work at all, Halkett," said Mr. Slingsby to his friend, as they skulked behind an old rotting barge, which lay aground among the rushes and mud, "and I fancy you wouldn't like it either, if your friend, young Romaine, was not concerned."

"Perhaps not," said Halkett; "however, I *do* like the work now, and I mean to go on with it."

Presently Mike Rawkins returned. "It's all quiet enough," he said hoarsely, "the old man and woman are asleep in the kitchen, and there's not a soul stirring."

"All right then, come along," said Halkett; "and mind, Mike, if you hear us whistle, get the sculls out like a shot, and be ready to have us off in an instant."

"All right, sir, I'll be ready."

Very slouching and skulking looked the two men as they advanced to the house; their very manner would have made the most unobservant of policemen take them in charge, for being on the premises "with a felonious purpose." The master-key provided by Hyllier admitted them at once, and so noiselessly did they open the door, that a burglar's heart would

have warmed towards them, could he have seen their entry. Halkett now produced a rough plan of the rooms on the first floor, and by its aid the two men at once proceeded to a room which looked out towards the country at the back of the house, and appeared to have been used as a kind of office or place of business. A large table contained a number of scattered papers, some few being tied up more methodically in bundles and docketed. A door opened from one end of the room into an inner chamber, and towards this the intruders cast an anxious glance; instinct seemed to tell them, that there, dead or alive, lay the man they had come to plunder. The room was nearly dark when they entered, but a candle stood on the table, and a fire burnt low in the grate. Halkett seeing that the shutters of the room were closed, hastily lighted the candle and began to search the table, bidding Slingsby examine a bureau, which stood unlocked in one corner of the room. With an eager and trembling hand, Halkett turned over each paper on the table, and unfastened each bundle. His face grew paler than ordinary, as his search was unrewarded. At last he opened two small drawers in the table, and from one drew forth several loose papers; a glance at the first paper showed him the will, and a hasty perusal showed him more; that a large fortune was therein left to Mrs. Romaine and her children. Slingsby turned suddenly just as Halkett had finished his rapid reading of the will; the captain held up a paper, with a significant sign to Slingsby, and then, as his friend advanced hastily, he deliberately held the paper in the flame of the candle and then pressed his hand upon the blackened ashes.

"What have you done that for?" asked Slingsby, in a whisper.

"Hush," said his friend, closing the drawer quickly, "we must be off, the thing's done."

Cautiously they left the house, unquestioned and unseen, unless the spirit of that dead man yonder saw them and howled in anguish, for Robert Gaston was lying dead and cold in that inner chamber, and his old servants, weary with watching, were sleeping on, ignorant that their master was gone at last.

"What the deuce did you burn the will for?" asked Mr. Slingsby, as they hurried down to the boat.

"Because I'm not such a fool as to run the risk of having it found upon me," answered Halkett; "the thing's done, and that's enough, we needn't run unnecessary risks. Now Mike, give way."

Late that night, Mr. Hyllier met his two friends by appointment in a tavern in the city. He was inclined to be angry at not having the will put into his hands, but Halkett convinced him of the soundness of his reasons for not carrying such matters about with him, and Slingsby had seen it burnt, so that the matter was settled.

On the following day Mr. Philip Hyllier, and Mr. Ragford, solicitor, received the news of Robert Gaston's death from the surgeon who had attended him; and Mr. Ragford, in company with the executor, a

respectable man of business, went down to set things in order. Mr. Hyllyer also went down, but his visit was to the two old servants, Davy and his wife, the witnesses to the will. The old woman was almost imbecile, and her memory gone, so that little was to be feared from her; and as for old Davy, certain arguments put to him by Mr. Hyllyer were of such a potent character, that the old man had less memory for any past events, than his old wife, and retired from the scene immediately after Mr. Gaston's funeral.

No new will being discovered after a minute search, and all preliminaries being settled, Mr. Philip Hyllyer found himself a man of large property, and not having such a thing as a conscience, quite at his ease.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PAUL ROMAINÉ'S SUMMER HOLIDAY.

THE events of the last chapter took place in the spring, when Paul, profoundly ignorant of the fortune which he was so near obtaining, was rowing manfully in the boat races. Now it was June, and Paul was at home at Inglefell. Every place is pleasant in June, wherever there is earth enough, and air enough, for a tree to grow in; so that Inglefell, which stands in one of our fairest counties, looked especially pleasant in the soft summer weather. The village is conveniently situated, not too near a town to lose any of the fine air and quiet of the country, and not too far from shops and people to be cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world. Grey Abbots is five miles off, large, wealthy, and flourishing, with plenty of interesting buildings, and especially the ruins of the old Grey Friar's Monastery whence the town derived its name.

Seven miles from Grey Abbots, and six from Inglefell by another road, is Newhampton, the cathedral city. It is like most of its class, quiet, monotonous, rather dull perhaps, with a sort of sombre decent solemnity hanging over it, which never fails to recal recollections of the old days of mitred abbots and shaven monks, and of the great men who are sleeping quietly within the solemn precincts of the cathedral.

The most ordinary sounds in Newhampton are the tinkling of the many church bells, and the boom of the great cathedral bell, summoning the pious inhabitants to matins or even-song. A little excitement is now and then caused by the presence of a regiment quartered in the barracks, and during the stay of the military, society in Newhampton is led by the two ruling elements of the church and the army, at other times the clergy have it all their own way. The Bishop of Newhampton was at this time Doctor Lordly a very old, and somewhat pompous Bishop, fond of his own way, like many other people who have not attained to the mitre. The Dean was Doctor Vincent, a gentle, kindly old gentleman, who tried hard to please everybody and make everybody agree;

and need I say that he succeeded in making a great many enemies, and was constantly referred to as the cause of many strifes and dissensions. The railway came direct from London to Newhampton, and there was a branch to Grey Abbots; so that you could reach Inglefell from either station, only the drive from Newhampton to the village was by far the prettier, as you crossed the river Ingle at Sunny-bridge, and passed by the picturesque village of Elton-in-the-valley.

The roses were blooming again at Inglefell Cottage, reminding the Romaines that a year had passed since Paul had gone to Oxford. When Paul himself thought over that past year, he was almost surprised at the new impressions which he had formed, and the new lessons he had learnt; lessons which Dons and students, quiet College life, and noisy College life, the aspect of the place, and the services of the Church had all combined to teach him. He had always been self-reliant; he was more than ever able to fight his own battle, for he had learnt that at Oxford, as in the world, every one must stand alone. The good and the evil lie before men "where to choose." Advice may be given, precept enforced by example; but the actual choice, the living the life, is left to the man, and to him alone. New scenes and new talk had forced themselves on Paul's notice in this year; he had heard things freely conversed about, which are never mooted by school-boys except in secret, and generally with a certain amount of shame-facedness. He had had temptations thrown in his way openly and frequently, temptations which he had never known at Eton, and which never enter within the pure precincts of home; and from them Paul had turned away undefiled; the squalid misery and the flaunting vices of the streets had no allurements for him.

And yet Paul was no saint. Such characters are often drawn in stories of College life, but they are very untrue; they are inconsistent with the character of the world, and even more so with University life. I am not even free to call Paul a religious man; for though a man can be so called who has been carefully taught in a Christian family, and who, on leaving it, has lost no respect for things sacred, certain it is that our friend had not become more devout since his year's residence at Oxford, at least not outwardly; and yet his dislike for a blasphemous speech was as strong as ever, only excelled by his hatred of a warning voice and a mournful groan uttered over every passage of Scripture not used in a sermon. Of *cant* in every form, in word, look, or act, Paul had a most rooted and most demonstrative hatred; he would rave for half-an-hour about a groaning Pietist, or a would-be Puritan; and yet I very much doubt whether Paul, in spite of all his external carelessness in abusing sets and forms, was not more really conscious of religious feeling, *internally*, than when he entered Oxford, though he was certainly given to saying very strong things about many subjects, as we know from a certain talk of his with Challoner. What Paul might have been under other circumstances, if he had not had the love and the admiration of his

mother and Maude to help him, and to keep him right, I cannot pretend to say, but I fear he would have been very different. What should we be, think you, were every rose cropped up out of our path to-morrow?

Paul had promised to visit Challoner at Fairwater early in July, and a letter came on the last day of June fixing the time, and urging Paul to come. Mrs. Romaine had been much pleased with the little she had seen of Challoner; and though Percy Cheyne, by his brilliant and versatile talk, was more likely to please people on a first acquaintance, and *had* pleased Paul's mother excessively, yet the friendship which Challoner felt for her son, and the good influence which Paul himself confessed had been exercised over him, could not fail to place the young man high in the gentle mother's good opinion. What mother can dislike the person who loves her son? So Mrs. Romaine was very anxious that Paul should accept the invitation, and go at once; perhaps she had ulterior thoughts and hopes founded on the new connexion, for mothers are always scheming and building castles for their children to inhabit. Paul went accordingly, and arrived after a long journey in quite another part of the country which was all new to him, and on alighting at the station found the Challoners' carriage ready to carry him to Fairwater Park, nearly three miles distant.

Paul had plenty of opportunity for judging of the exterior of Fairwater as the carriage proceeded slowly up a hill from which a wide and varied landscape could be seen on both sides of the road. The servant pointed to the valley on the right hand side with his whip, and said, after an introductory touch of his hat: "Yonder's Fairwater, sir, there's the park gates among the elms." Paul looked and saw lying far below him a moderately large park well stocked with trees, which from their size had evidently stood there for ages; a glimpse of a large white house could be at times caught, but the thick foliage of the avenue soon shut it out entirely from Paul's view. He could, however, see a fine stretch of water, spanned by a handsome stone bridge, and had no difficulty in deciding that this was the Fairwater from which the estate was named. The carriage now turned aside from the hill, and after traversing a pleasant shady road for about half a mile passed through the gates at Fairwater Park. Very pleasant to a hot and tired traveller, after the dust and glaring July sun, did the tall over-arching trees appear, and visions of quiet *siestas*, and pleasant rambles down some of the green glades which lay on either side of the avenue, crossed Paul's mind as he lay back in the carriage.

Our friend found Challoner himself at the hall door ready to welcome him, and to conduct him to the presence of the other members of the family. Mr. Challoner, the elder, received Paul with a mixture of state and cordiality. To say he was warm in his greeting would not be true, warmth being a quality which he did not possess, at least for his friends; but he was as cordial as he knew how to be, and shook hands with Paul, just allowing his fingers to close lightly upon the young man's



brown fist. Mrs. Challoner was delighted, of course, to see Paul : "It is so good of you to leave that charming mamma of yours, and that pretty sister, to come and see us ; you won't find us *half* so lively, I'm afraid, but we must *try* what we can do to amuse you, and dear Frank must show you all our poor sights, you know."

Dear Frank had gone out of the room as soon as his step-mother had begun to speak : he came back presently, however, and looked at Paul talking to Edith. Edith did not gush out as Mrs. Challoner had done, nor was she stately and frigid like her father, but she smiled pleasantly on Paul, and began to talk to him quietly and sensibly, and will it be believed, she did not talk about the weather ? Presently, Frank led the way to the library, Edith and Paul following, whilst Mrs. Challoner, to our friend's great relief, remained in the drawing-room.

The library was a particularly pleasant room ; its large French window opened on to the smooth lawn of the park, and near the window there were flower-beds and rustic baskets all a-blaze now with geraniums and calceolarias, and bright blue lobelia, and sweet-scented heliotrope. Beyond these lay the park, with its trees and cool shady stretches of green-sward, and by a path which sloped downwards to the left you could get to the lake, which was visible from the side windows of the library. Paul was admiring the flowers, of which he was very fond, when Edith Challoner said : "Do you really care for flowers, Mr. Romainé, or are you only saying all this because you think it the correct thing to say !"

"I assure you that I am as fond of flowers as the Mexicans were in Montezuma's time ; flowers and children make up all the poetry of earth, what little there is of it. If I had thought it the correct thing to say all this, I'm very much afraid, Miss Challoner, that I shouldn't have said it. You like flowers of course ?"

"Oh, yes ; these are all mine, and I attend to them myself. Why I asked you so doubtfully about your love for flowers was, that I find very few people who care for them much, except to smell now and then, and as a sort of elegant furniture in a garden or house."

"I know the sort of people you mean," said Paul ; "flowers are to them things which grow and smell, and that's all. But I hope you didn't class me among that wretched order of beings ?"

"Oh, no, I didn't class you at all," said Edith ; "I'm very glad to find that you do agree with me in finding something more in flowers than mere look and smell. Frank is of our way of thinking too."

"Yes I'm one of you certainly," said Challoner turning towards them "I agree with what Longfellow says somewhere :

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine."

"But, Romainé, I want to talk to you about a more serious matter than flowers, nothing less than a cricket-match."



"Then I shall leave you to your serious talk," said his sister, "only be sure that you choose a fine day so that we may see the match."

"Look here, old fellow," said Challoner, when Edith had left them, "the officers from Cliff-side have challenged this part of the county to make up an eleven and have a match. Now the soldiers are rather strong, I hear; they've got two very good bowlers. We have a few tolerable players about here, but not much; and we want a leviathan, so you must play."

"My dear fellow, I'm not a leviathan," said Paul laughing; "I used to play at Eton, but I haven't gone in for it at Oxford, you know."

"What of that? you can play well enough, and you must join us for the honour of the county and of Oxford."

"Oh, I'll play with pleasure if you wish it; I'm always ready for cricket. But will the men about here like a stranger coming in?"

"Of course they will. What a confoundedly particular old bird you are. But never mind, I'll forgive you. I can manage the rest of the eleven very well now I think, and we'll have the match one day next week."

"Where's Cliff-side?" asked Paul.

"Oh, down by the sea, five or six miles off; we'll go down there soon; there are some caverns and wild places that will please you, I fancy. Now we'll go out and look at the lake, unless you want anything to refresh the inner man; dinner will be ready in an hour."

Paul having declined all creature comforts for the present, they strolled down to the lake.

"Any fish here?" asked Paul.

"I believe so," said Challoner, "but I don't fish myself, and therefore I'm no authority. You're a disciple of the old fellow who tells us to handle a worm as though we loved him, are you not?"

"Yes, I'm fond of fishing, in spite of old Johnson's remark about the worm at one end of the line and the fool at the other. But I think I like fishing more for the jolly quiet nooks one finds, and the secluded, peaceful time one has, with nobody to jaw and make a row, and nothing but one's own thoughts to occupy one."

"You must have pleasant thoughts to like them so well," said Frank Challoner smiling.

"I like them better than fool's talk at any time," said Paul; "I fancy there are few greater luxuries in life than being quiet."

"Except in a town and gown row, eh, Romaine?" answered his friend; "but come, here's a boat on the lake, let's see the great sculler of St. Chrys'tom's in his unrivalled performance."

"None of your chaff, old fellow, or I'll upset the boat and spoil your chance of a 'First' in Greats."

"Try it," said Frank, "I'm an indifferent good swimmer as times go; you have acknowledged so yourself, old cynic that you are, when we have disported ourselves at Parson's Pleasure."

"This is a better piece of water for swimming than Parson's Pleasure," said Paul as he pulled the boat across the lake, "though I can't say this blessed boat is as easy to scull as one of Salter's skiffs."

"There goes first dinner bell," cried Frank, while they were still in the middle of the lake; "pull lustily, O mighty rower, or we shall be late."

The boat shot across under the influence of Paul's strong arms, and the young men retired to dress.

At dinner Paul would have far preferred talking to Edith, doubtless with a view to discovering whether his first judgment about her sense was correct, but he had to undergo the perpetual twitter of Mrs. Challoner; little foolish, affected speeches, often sly, ill-natured cuts at her acquaintance, but good common sense never.

Frank tried to turn the conversation several times, but in vain. He was always met with: "Now really, my dear Frank, you know Lady Crookback is nothing more than a match-maker; she is always trying to marry her three daughters, and tells everybody about their singing."

"Why, I thought she was your particular friend," said Frank; "you were at her house perpetually in the spring."

"Oh, yes, but I only went because she bothered me, you know; and one must speak of people as we find them."

"Of course," answered Frank, "especially if we find them unpleasant. How well wrote poor Tom Hood when he said,

"O for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!"

Presently, however, Mrs. Challoner who, like many other silly people, was very inconsistent, was abusing Thackeray's novels. Paul no sooner heard one of his favourite authors thus called in question and by such a critic, than he said: "Surely, Mrs. Challoner, you don't find fault with Thackeray for speaking the truth; I thought you were saying just now that you liked to speak of people as you found them?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Romainé, but you know Thackeray is so *dreadful*, so cynical and cross, always abusing every one, and making out the world to be so disagreeable."

"A great part of it is, I fancy," said Paul; "it's of no use trying to delude ourselves with the idea that we are in the garden of Eden. What we want in a book is *truth*; if it is about the world, it ought to speak of the world as *it is*, not as it ought to be, or as the author *thinks* it ought to be."

"But, my dear Mr. Romainé, Thackeray never finds any good; you wouldn't surely say that the world is all bad?"

"God forbid," said Paul. "But I would say, and *do* say, that bad preponderates; and if a book is to show human nature truly, it must describe a great deal of selfishness, and lying, and slander. Besides, you must permit me to differ with you entirely about Thackeray. I think

he does paint a great many good characters; Colonel Newcome is as fine a fellow as man ever conceived, Dobbin is a glorious fellow, and Pendennis and Philip Firmin are good specimens of men enough."

"But the women," urged Mrs. Challoner, "they are either simpletons or wicked creatures like that horrid Becky Sharp."

"I won't discuss the question of the lady characters," said Paul, "I might offend you; one may entertain certain views, but one need not air them in company and give offence."

"Oh, then you must be a woman-hater, Mr. Paul; only fancy!" cried Mrs. Challoner; "confess now, are you not?"

"I'm sure Mr. Romainé will not be so ungallant as to plead guilty to such a charge." It was Edith who spoke, and Paul gave her a grateful look, for he by no means saw his way out of the corner into which Mrs. Challoner had driven him.

Mr. Challoner did not join in this conversation; he contented himself with making stately speeches occasionally, and in pressing the wine on his guest with that hearty though somewhat obtrusive hospitality which you still find lingering in old country houses.

Paul could see with half an eye that Mrs. Challoner was vain, frivolous, and jealous to the last degree of her pretty and amiable step-daughter. Her one object seemed to be to keep Edith in the background, and to bring her own vain twittering self as much as possible into prominence. She would talk no matter how foolishly, but talk she would, rather than suffer Edith to engross attention. I don't mean to say the woman was all bad, or even very bad; she behaved with decency in the eyes of society, and went to church regularly; but she was worthless, full of her own importance, aping the young unmarried girl who had caught the fancy of stately Mr. Challoner, and forgetting the graver duties of a wife, always speaking before she thought, and too conceited to draw back after making a blunder.

And it was in the company of such a woman that the gentle, high-souled Edith, sensitive to the slightest harshness, smarting under the faintest sting of malice, was condemned to pass her life. As for Frank, though he was being perpetually annoyed by his step-mother's words and manners, yet she rarely attempted open opposition to him; she would have attempted it still more rarely with another kind of man, but Frank Challoner's foible was amiability. But for Edith it was a different thing. Women are so much thrown together, there is so much sitting together over the light tasks which they by a pleasing fiction call "work," and on such occasions Edith often sighed and looked longingly into the after-time which, fortunately for us, none can penetrate.

"It's an infernal shame!" quoth Mr. Paul, as he undressed himself that night by the open window of his bed-room.

---

(To be continued.)

## MY SCHOOL.

BY AN OLD BOY.

---

"All, all are gone the old familiar faces."—LAMB.

---

SOME authors paint the *genus* boy—in those preliminary chapters of the novel, in which the youthful hero is depicted—as little worse than an angel; others portray him a match for any demon in cruelty, selfishness, and stupidity. In the one category, Steerforth, selfish, cruel Steerforth, scowls at us; in the other, honest, manly Tom Brown shows his pleasant face.

Then there are writers who endeavour, in sheer ignorance of their task, to paint the varying scenes of childhood and school life, and of course have failed egregiously. We can do nothing but laugh at the author of "Eric," who would have us believe that boys at school address each other affectionately as "dear" (girls, I believe, have a tendency to "my dearing," and violent kissing, but then they are generally deceitful), and that they take their walks abroad with their arms thrown round each other's necks, and weep from silly sentimental mawkishness; that they abhor all lying and evil speaking, and much as it would pain them, still feel no hesitation in "peaching" on their more peccant companions, "because it is their duty to do so;" that they never fight, but leave such occupation to those animals whose nature, as Dr. Watts beautifully and poetically observes, "'tis to bark and bite."

I am an old boy now, sliding quietly down the vale of years, and as I sit in my arm-chair and watch my mirthful grand-children gambol and quarrel and make up their quarrels around me, I am led to reflect on the good old times when I was a boy; and I can conscientiously aver that at Lexicon House I never saw a boy like "Eric," though I constantly met and lived and played with fellows like Charley East, and stupid good-natured Jack Dobbin, and melancholy sentimental young men like unto Toots, and poor boys who were left behind on the holidays like "old Cheeseman."

Regretfully as I look back upon the pleasant school-time, and anxious as I am that boys should have fair play, and not be misrepresented by those who understand them not, I still am bound to acknowledge that the boy, in general, is not an amiable object, and the schoolboy in particular.

Imprimis, he is cruel. What more amusing game to him than that of torturing the new arrival; how he roars, and mocks, and jibes at the poor shivering little fellow, who with his mother's kiss still warm on his

cheek, and his father's hearty grasp still making his hand tingle, crouches up to the wall, and surveys with blank dismay his tormentors. Almost the first question that the ingenuous youth asks the whimpering victim is, whether he would like to fight. Then comes the usual, "How much tin have you got?" or "Did your mammy give you a cake?" Then, perhaps, some amatory gentleman will edge in, "Have you got any sisters? Are they pretty, fair or dark, short or tall? Would they like *me* (with some modesty) for a sweetheart?" Now, if the wretched new boy evinces a distaste to mortal combat, or if his parents being poor have given him but a limited tip, or if he happens to have no sisters, then dismal is his fate. He will have to "grin and bear" all the kicks and cuffs, and sarcastic titles of "Molly Coddles," and "Baby face," all the day through, until at night he is left to himself in the tiny bed-room with the square cot, there to fling himself in anguish of spirit, and cry till his little heart is almost breaking.

But I am straying, old men will be garrulous, and it is passing pleasant to prate over the times gone bye. Long, I should be afraid to say how long ago, I began this paper with the intent of chatting concerning my old school and schoolmates; therefore I must keep to my text. There was no use denying the fact; I was becoming a nuisance in the house, nothing was secure from my destructive hands, and I was never happy but in the planning of mischief or the completion thereof. "That boy must go to school," had said my father, sternly eyeing me over his paper at breakfast, "he is becoming a regular nuisance." Truth to tell, I had been engaged only the afternoon before in a desperate "combat of two" with Mrs. Dibbs' our next neighbour's Buttons—called a page in my time, when the pernicious effect of slang was not so much felt as now. I understand that the name is derived from the rows of buttons which adorn the youth's bottle-green breast, and suggest to street *gamin* the idea of his "'aving 'ad the hinfluenza and broke out all over spots." Well, this boy had unblushingly robbed me of sundry marbles, and had, not content with that, alleged that I was "alers a cheating." My blood boiled in my youthful veins, and I flew at that menial and bedizened boy, and smote him severely in the eye. Of course he tried his best to punch my head; and we were hard at work when Cookie rushed forward and separated us, dragging me off with a flushed face and a suspicious circle of "colours" round my eye; and as she bestowed on me a parting cuff, for I was the scapegrace of the family, "the idea," said she, "demeaning of yourself by fighting with that desolate Buttons." She might have meant "dissolute," I think now.

After this I was no longer to be kept at home. I might even commit murder, though the only capital crime on my conscience then, was the shooting of an aged and felonious cat with a pistol (stolen for the fell purpose). I felt like Cain when the deed was done, and the cat, with an eldritch shriek, fell off the wall; and to my distorted imagination, for some time afterwards, every cat seemed to glare at me wildly. Before



the heinous crime of fighting "Buttons," every other peccadillo paled and waxed insignificant, and—there was no help for it—to school I must go. My mother, poor soul, was loath to part with me, villain as I was; for when did mother ever part with her scapegrace with willingness. Who but she to soothe the despairing youth with promises of tips innumerable, and a box with fabulous articles of confectionery; who but she to contrast the fairy Christmas holidays, with the intervening cloud of school-time; who but she to dry the tears on our cheek, and though she could not keep her own from falling, still tried to keep up a cheery face, that the brave little heart, about to be let loose for the first time upon the "world of school," might not faint. Let not my readers deem an Old Boy tiresome because he will persist in dwelling upon this theme—a mother's love; too sacred it is, of a surety, to be spoken of in a trifle like this; but the slightest tribute to one who is dead now and an angel, coming as it does warm with the tints of love, will surely not weary them.

The arena chosen for my first *debut* in the public line, was Dr. Swishem's Academy for young gentlemen, Lexicon House. I remember perusing the card of address, which my father presented to me, with an awe-struck, faint-hearted air. There was something so dreadful in the very sound of the words; even the master's name was evil-boding and highly suggestive of "much work and little play," a life in which the kicks were lamentably disproportionate to the halfpence. Quoth my eldest brother to me, a great tawny swell—he was then in the Artillery, and sleeps now quietly in the graveyard at Scutari—"John, my boy, let me give you one word of advice: Don't be afraid of fighting, you will have to fight sooner or later, so it will be as well to get it over; don't blubber when you are caned, the fellows will certainly call you a muff if you do; and mind hit out straight from the shoulder; and here, old chap, take this—" I am ashamed to say I consulted my palm forthwith to ascertain the amount of tip, and thought more of that than the warrior's advice.

Very different was the advice of my sainted mother, and her voice fell upon my ears after my brother's baritone, "gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæa." "Johnnie darling, be a very good boy, and say your prayers every morning and evening, and write often to me."

Say my prayers, good mother; ay, and I think your gentle heart would have been shocked if you had seen that office performed—the innocent vainly endeavouring to address the Father, whilst Blenkinsop Primus brought down a bolster upon his head, and Todgers Secundus tickled his poor feet. Moreover, I think you would sorely be put to whether to smile or to be angry, when as soon as the "Stir up," collect was read, each boy began twirling his fingers round as if he were a witch over a cauldron.

My father's advice was short and sweet. "Stick to your book, John,



and don't spend your allowance too soon, because you will get no more from me." Not the slightest fear of that, thought I, for the bright shillings in my eyes seemed capable of exhausting any pastrycook's.

Next morn beheld myself attired in a brand new suit of garments, slightly different from the dress which Mr. Thackeray called "the prettiest ever invented;" for surely if any misguided boy appeared in that attire now, he would lead a sorry life of it with the discriminating street boys. Indeed, I am not at all sure whether the appellation "Guy" would not have been fairly applied to me, as I stood on the kerbstone that eventful morning, about to step into the carriage. Mine was the substantial broad peaked cap, with a gorgeous tassel dependent thereto; mine was the goodly jacket of curious shape, *tucked inside* the trowsers, and surmounted by a well starched frill, and studded promiscuously with buttons (by the way my ancient foeman, the Buttons, was there, and cried in expressive pantomime, "Hah, going to school, my eye—wont there be *swish*, imitating the descending action of a birch-rod); mine also was the mysterious box, at the packing of which I had assisted gleefully, also studded with nails, and brass-bound at the corners thereof, and my own name in the centre. Ah! me, how proud I was of that box, prouder far than I am of my silver service now, presented by the inhabitants of A— for my services as—well, never mind what, an honest occupation, if not exactly aristocratic.

Shall I ever forget that first morning at Dr. Swishem's Academy? Well, I think not: I was unmolested for some time, it being lesson hour, after breakfast, and the members of the Doctor's little flock being too busy with Virgil and Ovid; but we were let out very soon to the playground, a pleasant shady little close, near the great grim red-bricked school, with a number of poplars sighing plaintively in the summer breeze. I had not long to wait for my tormentors. There was a cricket match arranged, and Perkins, *cock* or chief man, or dux, or what you like, of the school, was going in with the bat. I had been an amused spectator of the way in which that cool gentleman stopped all balls on the wicket, and pounded all off, and was beginning to think that after all I was such a small boy they wouldn't notice me. The game, however, was drawing to a close. Perkins had had his innings, and like all *cocks* or duxes of schools felt very indisposed to field, so he with another fellow, whose name I afterwards learnt was Purvis, came up to me.

"Halloo, new boy, what is your name?"

"Jones," quoth I sullenly, not relishing the tone of the question.

"What a skinny brute he is," remarked Purvis; and I *was* rather slim, I own, not at all good-looking, and not resembling in the slightest degree the Lieut. Jones of the Blankshire yeomanry of after years.

"Been to school before, Skinny?" inquired another young red-haired boy, whom I had noticed as a very good "back stop" in the cricket. To this I made no remark.

They tried another track. They assured me that old Swishem was a most awful user of the cane, that it was only yesterday morning he broke one over Todger's back for mulling his Virgil, and that to-morrow I should probably experience the most fearful thrashing I had ever had.

I answered nothing still, but "looked straight on, with calm eternal eyes."

"Come, come," at last said Perkins, "none of this chaff, young man; your answer, or you must be made. Got any sisters?"

"One," said I, "Diana."

"Oh, Diana, well then she shall be mine decidedly;" and Perkins offered his arm to an imaginary Di, and behaved himself in every way, as I thought, like a very great ass.

"Did you want to buy a knife, or a top," next inquired a youth, whose curly hair and beak proclaimed him of the persecuted race of Israel. This speculative lad I silenced by saying that I had precious little pocket money, and meant to keep what I had.

But why go on with this. My pugnacious powers were yet untried. "Will you fight?" exclaimed one boy a little bigger than myself, thrusting his hands into his pocket, and his impudent laughing face close under my eyes. Mindful of my brother's advice, I signified my readiness, amongst murmurs of "By George, what a brick;" for these simple-minded youths had begun to look upon me with admiration. There were certain preliminaries to be gone through. The prefatory "clips" were exchanged, and the seconds chosen, who led the way to a corner of the playground consecrated from time immemorial to the deity of fighting. Nay, there was a dismal legend too connected with the place, how that a fifth form boy, and a "captain" had fought there for three hours, until one of the combatants lay on the sward, dead. I remember it flashed across my mind, as I stood without much superfluous clothing to face my opponent, if I *should* by some evil blow, kill him. However, I soon had enough to do in keeping off my antagonist's blows, and returning the same with interest. I think I see him now, through this long mist of years, rushing at me wildly and meeting my outstretched fist till he reeled again. I don't imagine either of us were entertaining the least thought of giving in, when a voice was heard, the unmistakable *basso profundo* of the Doctor's, and the seconds fled incontinently, leaving the two palpitating blood-smirched ragged victims, to face Nemesis and the birch.

The result of that interview, I think I will pass over. One thing I know, that it made sitting an extremely painful operation for a week. Duffy, my pristine foeman, and myself became the very staunchest friends, and always stuck to one another through thick and thin. We even contemplated uniting families. I was to have Cecilia Duffy, fairy blonde, *etat* 20, and he was to lead sister Di to the matrimonial altar. Thus it was, I remember, among all our fellows; they affected a most mercenary spirit in their dealings towards *le donne mobile*.

Women, in their opinion, were things to be bought and sold just like goods, and the highest bidder got the finest girl. There was a youth of the name of Bradshaw, very susceptible of the tender passion, who fell desperately in love with Tommy Smith's sister, and purchased her miniature with a hundred marbles, a very victorious peg-top, a lot of whip-cord, and a cricket-ball; which miniature, when he had obtained, he displayed to a limited circle of boon companions as the fair one who should become Mrs. Smith in due time; and woe to the misguided youth who spake disrespectfully of Arabella Smith before her knightly Paladin, better for him had he never been born, for Bradshaw was a tremendous bruiser, and besides knew something of the gloves.

All gone now, probably, or respectable grandfathers like myself; Miss Smith not only not married to her school lover, but not even ever introduced to him; Smith himself probably settled down into cankerous bachelorhood, and occupying now those chambers quite broad enough and deep enough for his small ambition, and there he shall sleep quietly till the end of things, when my arm-chair shall also be vacant, when the old year of my life shall have gone out, and the stranger come in with ringing of bells and festive song.

A great character, I remember, in my school-days was the pieman, who made his appearance every day at recess, and displayed his tempting wares, three-cornered tarts, and plum "duffs," that would melt the heart of the veriest Stoic, and make him sigh for the emptiness of his exchequer. A bit of a philosopher was old Parker, and taught us many a lesson, with that weather-beaten face and humorous blue eye, over which the slouched hat made a kind of pent house. "Now then," he would exclaim, "you pay your money, young gents, and you take your choice, but I gives no credit." And this rule he clave to religiously; not an article of his melting confectionery left his basket till the equivalent in coppers were put into his hand. Great was the mourning when we missed his genial old face one morning, and they told the news that he was dead and that there was a prospect of our being confined to the square slabs of pudding, facetiously termed by the boys "stick-jaw," because of the adhesive properties of the dish. The Doctor, with admirable forethought, and acting on the principle that strong meat was not good for babes, piled our plates with the yellow, oleaginous pudding, and of course made the meat which followed proportionally small. To this confection there was a dismal prospect that we should have to confine ourselves, when the aching void was agreeably filled by the appearance of old Parker's daughter, with the usual basket and the pastry, if anything more toothsome and flaky than before. Sally was the name of this divinity, and I am very much inclined to believe that several of the fellows entertained a *passione* for her. I know Hodson called me apart one evening after chapel, and confided to me his undying affection, and his intention of cutting out the baker who escorted her to the playground wall. I did not divulge the little fellow's secret, I spared the

amorous youth, and suffered not his flame to become the laughing-stock of his companions. Poor Hodson, his was an untimely fate, stabbed dastardly at Galata, whilst endeavouring to separate two sailors of his ship. "*Sit tibi terra levis,*" lightly rest the earth on thee, poor old boy; thine was a kindly soul, and one that thought no guile. I daresay after all, Sally did marry the baker, and that they both carried on a very flourishing business.

We had a literary character too, in our school, by name Binney, and to him all the school looked up with feelings of awe, not unmixed with gratitude: awe, because he possessed the faculty of improvising the most sensational tales, and hairbreadth 'scapes at will; gratitude, because he always knew his Virgil, and thereby saved a whole class from condign punishment. Many a time have I seen the good old Doctor's brow contract an ominous frown, as the stupid Todgers would commence:

"Æneas scopûlum interea conscendit,  
Et omnem prospectum latè pelago petit."

"Æneas—Æneas scopûlum, a rock," would bungle the unhappy Todgers; and to him the Doctor, furiously—"Scopûlum, a rock! no, sir; an ass, sir, like you; take him down, Jones." Half trembling, and entirely conscious that I could do no better, I would still "make an effort," and go on heaping bad quantity in hopeless construing, until the good old Doctor, his patience utterly exhausted, would bring the heavy Virgil bounce on my ears, and clothe me with shame. Happily for the rest of the class, Binney would come next, and by his poetical taste quite mollify the Doctor, who would look with admiration on the boy's kindling eye and earnest face, the while that he beat time in measured cadence to the verse.

"Neatly done, Binney, indeed; you will be a great man, sir, some day;" and all the class would cluster round him in the playground and say, "Well done, old Binney, thanks for getting us over the licking; and come now, old chap, tell us a tale." Then would Binney stretch himself out under the tallest poplar, and soon entrance his audience with some piratical combat, or mystic tale of love and chivalry. After leaving school, I lost sight of Binney for some time, but was not in the least surprised one morning to see the paper ringing with praises of "*Lays of the Turtle Doves, in Three Fyttes,*" by A. Binney, author of "*The Headless Phantom,*" etc. etc. He, too, has probably fretted his hour, and having borne the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," like all *literateurs*, written his last song, and left the harp mute for ever.

For a long time Binney shared my friendship equally with Duffy, but then I was a sad little toady, as all schoolboys were in my time, and are now for the matter of that; for when does my grandson ever climb my knee and kiss me, save when he wants half-a-crown. I toadied Binney, because he promised to write me an acrostic to Cecilia Duffy, in which there was, I remember, lots of "early death," and "undying

love." Oh, how the years roll by! The first time I saw Miss Duffy was at a horticultural *fête*, where she was attended by a very great swell, military, I think, who smiled his quiet contempt on me. When I was an uncomfortable youth, in my first top-boots and chimney-pot, she was a staid matron; and now, she has fallen asleep.

And her brother: well, he took a serious turn, and became one of the most popular preachers of the day. When a scholar of Trinity, he used to write to me frequent letters, brimful of the old school fun and innocence, and I knew that college influence, which sometimes will taint the finest hearts, was making no impression for the worse on his; but after he had taken a good degree and gone out in divinity, I heard no more of him, till one cold morning, being overtaken by a tremendous shower of rain, I took refuge in a church in one of the suburbs. The service had just concluded, and the preacher was offering up the preliminary prayer. Something in the voice, low, impressive, tender, struck a chord in my heart, and before the preacher had uttered many glowing sentences, I knew that James Duffy was in that pulpit. Little did I think, when I bargained for his sister, and administered to him such a thrashing in the shady play-ground, that the lapse of years would place us in the attitude of preacher and hearer; he telling me the old, old tale, which will never grow less grand, of Him who saved us and bought us with His blood; and I listening attentively, affectionately, and going away with a better, holier feeling at my heart. I think charity reigned paramount then, for I was young and looked at things ever on the brighter side, untaught by sad, cruel experience that there was a shady side also, where do crouch and shiver the unfortunate, the broken-hearted men, who tried to do something and failed; and men, who had a chance of doing something thrust upon them, and despised it.

Surely, 'tis a bonnie time, this period of *Jeunesse*, this spring-tide, when the "young man lightly turns to thoughts of love," and knows not that men and women can smile, and smile, and still deceive; that they can look beautiful as heaven, while the black malice of hell is in their heart. Particularly bright, when I was a youth—for they did not practise the fashionable *nil admirari* system then—youth when struck by anything beautiful, or terrible, was not ashamed to own it. Little cared they to hide their emotions, the boys of my time: if they were enraged, the curling of the lip, the mantling blush, and the fiery eye showed it; if they were pleased, they honestly laughed. But now nothing, absolutely nothing, can shake the *sang froid* of the British youth; with the same indifference that they hand an ice to the object of their regard, would they leap with their Queen's colours into the thick of the foe; with the same impassive, vacuous face do they gaze upon Niagara's beauties, and the surging crowd of the season in Regent Street. Believe me, were the world to fall about the ears of one of these Stoics, his sole exclamation would be, "By Jove!"

Oh the good old times! Boys revered their elders then, and



looked up to them with that respect which age should ever command. Not without a blush of conscious shame would the *ingenuus puer* have dared to call his father a "governor," or "relieving officer," nor have dubbed his tip-bestowing uncle "a jolly old buffer." I can fancy a youth of my good old times consulting the cartoons of poor Leech, especially such as delineate the youth of England home, for the holidays. With what awe would he have looked upon the young Squire, *ætat* 9, who answers the old gentleman, with the fiery face, concerning his panting horse, "Oh, never mind, there's my man with the other horse;" or, better still, the youth who volunteers to charge the horseman, who has been "pounded" by the thick hedge; or the gallant gentleman in knickerbockers, who shouts to his sisters: "I say, girls, I'll trot you out on the beach if you like," to the undisguised amusement of those fairy divinities, whom Mr. Leech painted so charmingly once, but will paint no more, poor heart. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

Oh, the good old times. Courting was a serious business then, I can tell you; and being jilted, a still more serious one. In the courting state, every youth deemed it fitting that he should wear his hair long, fasten his neck-tie *a la Byron*, pester the object of his love with lack-a-daisical verses; now, 'tis quite a cool business-like matter, and if men wore their hair on their shoulders, they would be taken for Polish refugees, or authors starving on their wits. Then, if the Lothario was jilted, his was the hectic cough, the sad weary smile, and the "not long for this world" expression; now, if Miss Bull will not have anything more to say to her admirer, and floors him completely, he just jumps up again, smiling to show that he isn't hurt, rubs the dust from his jacket, and declares between the puffs of his Regalia:

"If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be."

Such is the *Confessio Amantis* in the present age, and I don't know whether it is not wiser than the old style.

Well, I have certainly dozed off into a fine digression, and must strive and collect the scattered tangle of my story. Let me see, where was I? Oh, it was a record of my feelings when I heard old Duffy preach in the church in the suburbs, and that I was leaving with his old pleasant voice still lingering like sweet memories on my ear, and a happy feeling at my heart of charity—such charity as a man feels in Christmas tide when he has dined, and his poor relations share his hospitable board. I had not gone many steps, when a hand was laid on my arm and a hoarse voice whispered: "Give me a copper, for God's sake, and for the sake of old times." I was astonished, for this was not the usual mendicant's whine, "Shy us a copper, your honour;" and "for the sake of old times" too; then this abject diseased mass of rags and misery must have known me once. I looked at the man, and then it flashed upon me, all at once, that this must be the unhappy Todgers; he who of yore, by his ingenious way of making Virgil say things that he never intended saying,



would cause the Doctor visit him with condign punishment ; yes, and this was the self-same Todgers who *would* persist in asking Parker the pleman to toss for pastry, notwithstanding that exemplary confectioner protesting almost with tears in his eyes : " Indeed, Mr. Todgers, I never tosses, so don't ask me, please ; no tick, and no gambling, them's my sentiments." What could I do to relieve the poor wretch, he was very far gone indeed now, and money represented to him naught but its equivalent in the demon drink, and how had he come to this pass ? I need scarcely have inquired.

" The old, old tale with its doleful end,  
A name that is never spoken,  
A vacant spot in the ingle side,  
A heart either wrecked or broken."

Ay, truly it was the old *crambe* ; drink, gambling, ruin, despair, and the end—a poor broken wretch, abjectly begging, and appealing to the cold charity of the world—a prodigal son, with no earthly father to go to, for the earth had covered him long ago, and with no better angel to tell him the glad news of a Father in Heaven before whose presence "there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth," than over multitudes of those who have sinned not, because they had not the temptation to sin. I could not but help pitying the poor wretch though, and recollected then, with mournful readiness, how this same Todgers had lent me his last marble one day, when I had lost my all, and with that taw my luck turned, and I broke the bank of the whole school, till I became almost a marble millionaire. With those feelings at my heart, I could not pass by that poor publican with averted head, and scornful gesture ; what wonder that I should have taken his poor hand—now reduced almost to nothing—and placed therein something substantial. And then he told me all, how that he had been expelled from the University for some wild, drunken feat ; how he had been tossed about on the wide ocean of London, sometimes precariously earning a living as a "penny liner," and getting drunk with the proceeds when his "flimsy" was accepted ; roaming about under the canopy of heaven, and sleeping in those hospitable retreats the Adelphi Arches, or if he had a penny left, patronizing the Thames Tunnel, which he called with ghastly facetiousness his Hades Hotel. Presently a tenderer chord was touched, and he began to blubber like a beaten child, as he spoke of the dead girl to whom he had plighted his troth, and of the dear mother whose heart he had broken. Methought if, from their peaceful home in the still, calm rest of heaven, they could have seen him in his abject despair, their unruffled peacefulness would have been, perchance, sullied. I left him then, and have heard no more of him since ; but can easily fancy his end—too probably,

" Where the lamps quiver,  
Down by the river,"

will be his last resting-place, and the rippling waters roll over the breast of my once happy playmate Todgers.

Another very great feature, I remember, at Dr. Swishem's was the French master, a poor, thin, lamentable scarecrow, whom, I regret to say, the fellows treated with great disrespect, simply, I suppose, because he was a Frenchman, and these noble youths considered themselves a far superior class of beings. Of course, my readers must bear in mind that the prejudice was very strong at that time. Not very long ago had Napoleon's star sunk in darkness at St. Helena, and the "old gentleman with the umbrella," who occupied the throne, was no very awe-inspiring subject; the great man, the master mind, who now sways the Empire, was but a schoolboy like ourselves then, and our parents always inculcated the principle into our minds of hatred to everything French. What wonder then that old Blazes (his proper name was M. Blazer) should have been the butt and laughing-stock of the whole school. Who but he, to stick fast in his tutorial chair, from sheer inability to rise from his waxy seat; whose head but his to be bonneted on dark nights before the staircase lamp was lit. The harmless little foreigner would gesticulate, and rave, and stamp, with many a *sacré* and *ventre bleu*; and many and heavy were the complaints made to the Doctor. "It was a shame, a great shame," would the irate Gaul exclaim through his teeth, "dat a gentleman should be so cruelly treated." I often used to wonder whether he was a gentleman, and if he had relations in his own country; and sometimes I would even think that he was some mighty Count in disguise, awaiting the hour and the man. Halcyon days for the poor monsieur, when the postman brought him sundry foreign missives, one of which was a delicate pink, and over which the much enduring "Blazes" would shed many a tear, and was always happier and more genial on that day than all others. I think I guessed his secret; probably this letter was to him the dearest of all earthly treasures, and came from her who waited patiently and lovingly till her Alphonse could save the requisite amount of money, and leave *ce perfide Albion* and its dismal fogs, and dwell with her for ever in the pleasant Provençal village of his youth. A reverend grandfather is Mons. Blazer now, I venture to assert, like unto myself, and looking back, not quite so regretfully, to the school days spent in Lexicon House.

The most mournful shadow ever cast upon my school-life, was when little Willie Damer, the darling of the school, breathed his last in his little cot. Fragile and delicate this boy was when he came from his father's home in Cumberland, to face the stormy crowd of fellows at Swishem's. But it was chiefly to his being in mourning, that the boys petted him and never teased him. "Don't, you brute, Podsnap; can't you see the poor little beggar is in mourning? how would you like it, if you hadn't a mother?" would be the indignant remonstrance when some unthinking bully ventured to chaff little Willie, and after this the bully would immediately collapse.

It fell one wintry day when we boys were coming in from foot-ball, that some one said: "I say, you fellows, poor little Damer is taken very

bad, and not likely to live." Hushed every rough word and noisy foot-step, and one by one the school would steal on tip-toe to Willie's little cot, and asking timidly, "May I come in," would be welcomed by the voice of the dying lad, who, though the death shadows were gathering on his face and the evening of his short day setting in, would still have the pleasant word and happy smile for all who had treated him so tenderly. It was very sad to see the Cumberland curate, a hard worked, pale-faced man, whose only hope was Willie, enter the sick chamber, and shed tears of agony over the fading boy; and sadder still to see the blinds drawn, and the room darkened when the sufferer's troubles were over and the soul of little Damer in that bourne "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Quietly he sleeps, after life's fitful journey, and a white stone marks the resting-place of the school's favourite. And now, methinks, I have prosed enough, wearied perchance my reader's attention, in talking of these little matters, occupied their time more than it behoved me in this work-a-day world.

'Tis evening, and in the shadows they pass before me, the friends of my youth; silently do they steal in through the door and, where "the shadows from the fitful firelight dance upon the parlour-wall," walk in phantom procession before my eyes. There Duffy, my dearest friend and best, with the badge of his Master's service, and the pure holy light of religion in his eye. There Hodson, kindly soul, snatched by untimely fate from life; but still wearing the upright bearing, and manly gait, with which he strode the quarter-deck. There too fragile, weakly Damer, with the old innocent gleeful smile; and there, ashamed, shrinking, but passing on, the wretched despairing outcast, who in the shadow of the church-wall asked me for charity to keep him from starving.

"The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;  
He the young and strong who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life."

All vanished now, and I am left to doze, and wait quietly till the summons comes, and then will there be for me also rest and peace.

## TRUTHFULNESS.

BY LEILA.

THE study of human character is a life study, one made only by long, long years of experience, purchased by bitter disappointments. Though much is learnt by phrenology, much by physiognomy, yet both fail to read and know the true feelings that throb in the heart.

It requires many attributes to make a character good, and among the chief of these stands truth. A virtue great and noble, yet it is one oftentimes wanting. The high, pure virtue is laid aside; falsehood, with its satellites, deceit, equivocation, insincerity, and many more, destroy it—warps the purer traits, varnishes the golden attribute. Truth is like a rare exotic, it requires the greatest care and attention to preserve it, or else the blasting winds of a truthless world would soon destroy it; and the rank weeds of insincerity and deceit spring up, unless carefully and assiduously kept under, to choke the beautiful but frail flower. Naturally we all have a tendency to diverge a little from the truth, perhaps a word, some trifle, and we think it no harm; and if for a moment the thought arises that it was wrong, we still it by the oft-repeated, oft-thought idea—conventionality necessitated it. So again falsehood tramples upon truth, by the falsity of the excuse, for did we but analyze the true reality of our motive, should we not find it was the want of moral courage, the fear that, had we spoken the truth, we should have lost some worldling's empty praise of being agreeable.

We know the old saying, "Continual droppings wear away stones." Thus is it with truth and falsehood; the latter from time to time in the end has the same effect, and the great and glorious virtue, truth, is worn away. If once we give way to the trivial prevarication, too surely we do so again and again; and if once we take the downward road, the momentum carries us swiftly on to the end, and that end destruction. Few things require so much courage as truth, to be really and essentially true, fearless of man's censure, of a world-wide frown; and yet, however much outwardly the truthful person may be abused, inwardly those very abusers, in spite of themselves, admire and trust.

Into the inner chambers of our hearts—those chambers none, not even our dearest friend, have ever penetrated—God looks, and from thence emanate noble virtues, ignoble vices; the seeds of both there lie, stored and garnered—the lovely flowers of good, the poisonous ones of wickedness. With some, their few good ones are made much of, for the eyes of an outward, seeing world; while the many bad still grow and

flourish, but are kept from sight ; yet, while they deceive others, they deceive themselves. Rest and peace are not the gifts of man ; from God alone they come, and He sees those hidden, inner things. Not by the outward, but the inward actions, thoughts, and motives doth He judge and reward. Surely we too often forget this, or else more carefully should we guard each idea, each thought of our hearts.

Ah ! there is something great, something that lifts the mind above the sordid littleness of a flattering world, in truth : a character in which this trait is fully developed is grand and noble ; like the waters of a mighty river it carries all before it, and the little streams of taunt and sarcasm, which ever and anon flow into it, are lost—swallowed up in the greatness of its sublime grandeur.

---



## THE LAUREATE'S LAST EFFORT.

---

"Pictoribus atque Poetis.  
Quidlibet audendi potestas."

---

MACAULAY, in that masterpiece of remorseless criticism, every word of which is a bitter sting to the hapless poet who is unlucky enough to fall under the lash, introduces the following apologue, taken from a collection of Eastern Fables. As it forms no inapt prelude to the subject we are going to treat of, let our readers bear with us for a moment while we relate it. Thus runs the fable :

A pious Brahmin made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and on the appointed morning sallied forth to purchase one. There lived in the neighbourhood three parlous rogues, who had got scent of his purpose, and laid a scheme for profiting thereby. The first met him and said : "Oh, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep ? I have one fit for sacrifice."

"It is for that very purpose," quoth the holy man, "that I am come forth this day."

Then the impostor opened a bag, and brought forth an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out : "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue ! callest thou *that* a sheep ?"

"Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. Oh, Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods."

"Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Now praised be the gods," said he, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep ! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it ?"

When the Brahmin heard this, his mind wavered to and fro, like one who swings in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the new comer, "this is no sheep but an unclean cur."

"Why, Brahmin," cried he, "thou art either drunk or mad !"

At this time the third confederate came up. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he says."

To this the others agreed, and the Brahmin cried out : "Oh, stranger, what dost thou call this beast ?"

"Surely, oh, Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep."

\* "Enoch Arden," etc., by Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate.

Then said the holy man: "Surely the gods have taken away my senses;" and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee, and offered it up to the gods, who being wroth at his unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

The moral of this, as says the great essayist, lies simply upon the surface; it cautions the reader against believing implicitly in a book because one or two or more may conspire to puff it, and sing its praises "*ore rotundo*."

The world has run away with the idea—and when once the world has run away with an idea, it is like unto a very restive steed, with the bit in his mouth, and will listen neither to rhyme nor reason—the world has suddenly run away with the idea that there lives but one poet, and that his name is Alfred Tennyson. With great scorn does the world look down upon the abject humbug who ventures to assert the claims of any rival, be he ever so worthy of a poet's name and fame: sing he sweetly as the fabled swans in Strymon's stream, he must not dare to lift up his head when such an effulgent being as the Laureate is near. Talk to me, says the world, of your Longfellows, of your Brownings, your Buchanans, and your Milnes! they are but sorry idiots compared to our glorious Tennyson: any fool can understand them, and follow their meaning; there isn't the slightest mystery about them at all.

Seeing that things are so, it would not be unbefitting to inquire, ere that we come to the work under notice, on what grounds Mr. Tennyson has attained the giddy height of this world's popularity?—*why* it is that every lover of poetry, who has any taste, must swear by him, and place in him his allegiance, to the utter detriment of others?

Imprimis, it cannot be denied that Mr. Tennyson is fashionable. It is the thing, the *ton*, to admire him; and the more mystic he is, the more fashionable he becomes. Now, I humbly submit to my readers whether good Dame Fashion has it not all her own way in this present day. Does she not hold beneath her iron, cruel sway thousands of thousands of trembling, palpitating subjects, afraid to move, afraid to speak, breathe, otherwise than she commands? Do not her cruel mandates now bid refined intellectual people gaze into a crystal ball, and fancy that therein they see their own future life *tanquam in speculo*?—now drive England's daughters, lovely blooming girls, to the Fire-god Moloch, there to be burnt slowly to death in their shroud of crinoline, with no hand to help, no possibility of escape from the fearsome death. Fickle as the wind is this imperious dame; not long does she smile upon any one votary. At one time, her kindly patronage is extended to a rope-walker, who calmly balances himself at a dizzy height, above the gaping crowd; at another, she smiles patronizingly upon a popular preacher, who, because he has a tolerable voice and is fashionable, becomes the idol of the hour.

What need for me to enlarge upon the theme? Surely it is suffi-

ciently plain to all, even to the wretched votaries themselves, wishing to tear themselves away from the thrall, yet afraid to make the effort. "Yes, very foolish," say they, "very wicked; but then it is fashionable." Very foolish, very unhealthy, for ladies to encase themselves in surging billows of crinoline, which is of no earthly good but to sweep the mud from off the pavement, and indecently expose what should be modestly concealed; very wicked, doubtless, to go and see Blondin risk his life for our amusement, but then it is exciting and every one goes; very foolish to pin one's faith to a preacher, because he has a large chapel, and it is the very best place to see and be seen in all London, but then every one goes from the Peer to the humble Commoner; very misjudged, no doubt, to rave and rant of Mr. Tennyson's mystic productions, but every one raves about him, and he is the most fashionable poet we have. Fashion then, has dictated that the Laureate shall be considered a great poet, a mighty master of English poesy, and dares any abject demurrer with scorn to dispute her fiat.

Again, there is another reason why this poet is popular—he is very mystic, and the people, on the principle of "*omne ignotum pro mirifico*," elevating every little mysterious nonsense into something of the greatest import, will praise what they cannot understand. Some wise men have told us that the simpler a thing is, the better adapted to the comprehension of all intellects, the better is it. Of course, these were old world wiseacres, and not to be placed in the same category as Tupper and the modern philosophers. We humbly submit to these philosophers, whether there may not be such a thing as losing one's way, and wandering from the every-day plain region of sense, into the mistier, more dignified region of non-sense. Perhaps they would kindly consider the following lines, culled at random from "Alymer's Field," and tell us what the pearl is that lies hid in such tangled weed:

"And how should Love,  
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes  
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow  
Such dear familiarities of dawn?"

Now, what *can* the "familiarities of dawn" mean? Have they any affinity to the "Peep of Day?" They seem rather to suggest the idea of Dicken's winds, which took unto themselves other winds, and made a night of it in the Red Sea, and as their friendship over their airy cups grew warmer, became familiar towards dawn.

Thus much for Mr. Tennyson's mysticism. There is another point why he is liked generally; the very simple reason is that there is no other very great poet to rival him in England. Browning partakes too much of the Laureate's own character, particularly in mystery. Buchanan has not yet made a name. Owen Meredith, though promising mighty things, has fallen miserably from his high estate by the mere publication of such an abject thing as "*Lucille*," the sense of which is swallowed up in mystery, and the poetry only pleasing to those critics whose ears re-

semble those of Midas, in their utter disregard of anything pure or musical. "Hobson's choice" then reigns throughout the poetical world. "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*," you must either take Tennyson, or be contented with nothing at all. Some people may take kindly to their fate, and resignedly accept the alternative; others are misguided enough to think that we might have a poet who uses better English, better sense, better rhythm.

Turn we now to consider the first poem in the little volume which has been so long and anxiously waited for by the literary world. Who does not remember the thrilling rumour that ran through all classes of reading Englishmen, that the Laureate was about to produce from his teeming mind a new volume of poems? and some darkly hinted that its name was to be "Enoch, the Fisherman," and others "Enoch Arden;" but all the admirers of the mystic bard agreed in prophesying that it was to outvie all his other works, and that conquered by the dazzling effulgence of its beams, all the lesser stars would faintly struggle to maintain independence, and then drop into obscurity. And now the long expected volume has made its appearance—the fisherman's name is in every mouth, every would-be critic is having his fling, and displaying brilliant sarcasm, or fulsome adulation.

"Enoch Arden" lies before us, and what shall we say of it? simply this, "It is a good story badly told"—*sic* the "Growler," the "Thunderer," and other literary thunderbolts; or shall we call it "*Miss Alfred's last*," with a certain religious oracle from whose lips drop truisms sweeter than the honey that is culled from the flowrets on sunny Hybla? In the first place we utterly deny that it is a good story. It is a sensational, utterly improbable story, if you will; it is full of dramatic "effects," it suits the ideas of the age, if you will; but a story true to life, with all life's chequered scenes, it most assuredly is not.

The plot of this singular story is nearly as follows: Our poet, after a very characteristic sketch of a sea-port, introduces us to little children, who are to play the *dramatis personæ* of this story—Annie Lee (*place aux dames*), "the prettiest little damsel in the port, and Philip Ray the miller's only son, and Enoch Arden a rough sailor's lad." These two little heroes adore the pretty Annie in their childish way, and dispute, and almost fight, as boys will, for the honour of her hand; while the maiden would

"Pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both."

However, in the long run, Enoch proved the successful swain, and was married to Annie, much to Philip's disgust who

"Groaned  
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood,  
Bearing a life long hunger in his heart."

"Well," says the impatient reader, "this is natural enough in all con-

science, and I think the last bit very fine poetry, indeed." I grant you that willingly, but wait a while and the sensational will enter. Poverty falls upon the little homestead, and Enoch, who takes it hard that his wife and children should pine, resolves to sail to foreign climes, and earn money, and come back a rich man. He sails away, and Annie lives a "life of silent melancholy" in the shop at home, burthened with sickly children and no arm to comfort her.

Now Philip sees his chance. With beautiful Christian charity (charity alack, that one sees very sparingly now-a-days), he comes to his old sweetheart, and sends her two children to school, and makes himself quite a family man. And all this time no news for Annie of Enoch; but the poet informs his readers that he sailed away in the "Good Fortune," and after a successful speculation in the "Land of Flowers," returned homewards bearing presents for his babes. The good ship, however, was not so successful on her homeward voyage, but was wrecked and all hands lost, save Enoch, a fellow seaman, and a boy. These two died, and Arden was left a "Robinson Crusoe" on the island, till some friendly sail should pick him up. Meanwhile, what had been going on at his home? Philip had wearied with long waiting and had persuaded Annie to marry him, who, to say truth, took to her new fate very kindly, considering that her husband was only missing.

"So these were wed and merrily rang the bells."

Of course, it would not suit the poet's plan for this life-like story not to end in bigamy; so he takes care that Enoch shall be picked up, and conveyed quietly to his native home. He arrives in the port one bright afternoon, and very naturally makes for his home; but instead of feeling horror-struck at seeing the house deserted, and a "bill of sale gleam through the drizzle" (whatever *that* may mean), only creeps away, thinking "dead, or dead to me." He then meets with a certain Miriam Lane, the hostess of a tavern in the port, who tells him the whole tale, quite unconscious of the delightful effect it must have on her listener. Now, what does Enoch do? does he enact the *rolè* of a jealous, angry husband, and confront Philip, and demand his wife? Oh! dear no—such is not the Laureate's idea of revenge—he simply crawls to his rival's house, and gazes through a window on his unconscious wife, and sees the happy fireside group, feels rather overcome, and staggers forth, closing the garden-gate "as lightly as a sick man's chamber door," and falls prone upon the earth, and prays that he may never tell his secret to his wife or children. He then crawls home to the inn, and confiding his burden of grief to Miriam, dies and when he is buried, "the little port had seldom seen a costlier funeral." Such is the story of "Enoch Arden;" and we leave it to the impartial husband's judgment, and ask him if he would have acted so? and then ask the gentle, home-loving wife, if she would have acted as did Annie Lee?

Enlarging upon this, the most important poem, must necessarily shorten our notice of the others: however, we will give them a short



glance. Now there is one element in "Aylmer's Field," which continually peeps out in the Laureate's poems, and that is contempt for religion and the Church. Why a man who professes to describe all that is holy and beautiful in nature and humanity, should go out of his way to attack a glorious Establishment, which has grown gray in battling with her enemies, and which will for ever keep up God and the truth against the world, is difficult to determine. Mr. Tennyson may have an objection to go to Church himself; he may, such is the penalty of fame, object to being the cynosure of every eye; but he should, like his own "Northern Farmer," let the Church alone as something which does not concern him, however remotely. The tale of "Aylmer's Field" hinges simply on this: Because the head of the noble house of Aylmer refuses his daughter in marriage to a barrister, the said barrister's father deems it his clerical duty to preach a sermon, the like of which, we will hope, has never been preached from English pulpit, nor ever will be preached. According to Mr. Tennyson then, if my Lord Vere de Vere, one of our mightiest of all swells, refuses Adelgisa de Vere in marriage to the penniless young Lackebriefe, barrister-at-law, it is perfectly right and commendable that the father shall start up in the pulpit and belabour the cruel De Vere to his heart's content. This much for the *moralè*. The language is, in some parts, simply unintelligible; I mean in such gems as the following:

"As the music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

Now the "music of the spheres" we have heard of as a rather fashionable aerial concert, but we have yet to learn from Mr. Tennyson, that the moon is musical. Again, why should I mention:

"Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances."

We thought that law was in itself a parlous mysterious thing, but the Laureate evidently determines that it shall be more so, and makes us exclaim with the Ingoldsby Shylock. "Blesh my shoul is *dis law*?" In the sermon we have the following effective lines, which almost remind us of Mr. Robert Montgomery's startling lines so frightfully lashed by the late Macaulay:

"Till from their caverns rush the maniac blasts,  
Tear the loose sails and split the creaking masts,  
And the lashed billows, rolling in a train,  
Rear their white heads and race along the main."

Such are Montgomery's lines. The Laureate is evidently bent upon making him pale his ineffectual fire. Listen to this, admirer of Tennyson:—

"But there—out yonder—Earth  
Lightens from her own central Hell—O there  
The red fruit of an old idolatry—  
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,

They cling together in the ghastly sack—  
 The land all shambles—naked marriages  
 Flash from the bridge, (!) and ever-murdered France,  
 By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,  
 Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea."

What possible analogy there can be between the "heads of princes" and "naked marriages" passes our comprehension; and then, an ordinary man might consider the picture of rivers of blood flowing on to a sick sea rather sickening in itself, independent of the mysterious, or shall we say utterly senseless meaning.

Pass we on next to "Sea Dreams," which may not be passed over without a meed of praise, for here at least praise is due. In this *morceau*, the poetry is finer, the sense clearer, and the rhythm more musical, than in all the other poems. Pity it is that the conclusion should be defaced by such twaddle as the following:

"What does little birdie say  
 In her nest at peep of day?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother, let me fly away.  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger.  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 Then she flies away."

If Mr. Tennyson intended the above for a nursery rhyme, he should have published it separately. It would look rather well in, "Rimes for Lyttel Babes," bound in *calf*; but as it is, it only defaces and makes ludicrous a really pretty poem. The two next poems, "The Grandmother," and the "Northern Farmer," alike in metre, but with this exception that the latter is written in the broad northern dialect, have much to be commended. There are some passages in "The Grandmother," which smack of the Laureate's olden fire and beauty, and seem to bring before our eyes once more the author of "The May Queen," and "The Old Year." Take for example the fifteenth stanza:

"So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;  
 And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.  
 But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,  
 Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn."

There is the true ring in this verse of the olden metal, ere that the baser coinage asserted its reign; amidst the dark and mysterious thoughts of the poet's mind, this little gleam of sunshine looks cheerily enough. To those who are *au fait* in the dialect, the "Northern Farmer" doubtless possesses charms; but for the majority of readers it will certainly not possess much interest. The old mocking devil asserts its impudent leer in this strongly. The parson is made but small value of; in fact, the dying farmer thinks, with true Stoical philosophy, that he can do very well without the minister of God, "larn'd" though "a ma' beä." He allows that the minister is all very well in the pulpit on Sunday, "bummin"

awaay loike a buzzard-cloek ower my yaad," but refuses to believe that he is of any use in smoothing the dying sinner's pillow. Willing and ready to die is the farmer, but he must have something to drink: "Gin I mun doy I mun doy, but git ma' my yaale I tell tha', an' gin I mun doy I mun doy." Highly natural this of course—a sweet picture—but still it does induce one to think that if the "Northern Farmer" is a true type of the agricultural interest, the religious welfare of farmers had better be looked too or theirs will be but sorry fare hereafter.

Let us take a long breath after our ramble through the first portion of the Laureate's book, and proceed to view leisurely and briefly the entertainment which he provides us in his miscellaneous pieces. "Tithonus," is the title of the piece which heads the list, and to this do we feel bound to assign another meed of praise. Classical taste and finely chosen language reign paramount in "Tithonus," and make us admire the author spite of ourselves. There are countless gems in this production:

"I asked thee, 'Give me immortality,'  
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they give."

How true to life the simile in the last line. Then again:

"Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm  
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds  
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd  
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,  
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,  
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers."

This we humbly submit is really poetry, and not twaddle; it gives us the idea that if the Laureate confined himself to classical subjects like "Enone," "Ulysses," and others, he would be entirely successful.

"The Flower," is evidently meant as a species of defiant allegory, hurling in the teeth of the foe, that the poet never will die but reign for ever glorious. By the lines,

"But thieves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night.  
Sow'd it far and wide  
By every town and tower,  
Till all the people cried  
'Splendid is the flower!'"

the writer neatly expresses his conviction that he is the only living poet, that all others are but thieves and plagiarists. We must pass over "Requiescat" and "The Islet," both eminently Tennysonian, and go on to notice "The Ringlet" and "A Welcome to Alexandra," both eminently foolish. As for the first mentioned, were the whole book written with a quill taken from the wing of the angel Israfel, this abject thing would certainly be quite sufficient to damn it for ever. We are sorry to trespass on our readers' patience, but we really must give one stanza of this vigorous production. The poet is supposed to be addressing a lock of hair:

"O Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 She blush'd a rosy red,  
 When Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 She clipt you from her head,  
 And Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 She gave you me, and said,  
 'Come, kiss it, love, and put it by :  
 If this can change, why so can I.'  
 O fie, you golden nothing, fie  
 You golden lie."

But Mr. Tennyson is not content with a "golden nothing;" he gravely proceeds to burn nothing, and with those glorious words, makes an end,

"Burn, you glossy heretic, burn,  
 Burn, burn."

Truly, here is neither rhyme nor reason. Just picture, for one moment, good old Dr. Johnson casting his astonished eyes over this choice bit of poesy. How easy to fancy his face crimson with mingled rage and laughter, as he shouts to the admiring Bozzy: "The man who can write such stuff as this, sir, should not be at large." All *we* can do is gravely to propound to the greatest of England's modern poets the following problem: Given an average boarding-school girl, with a poetical leaning; let her be supplied with a pen and rose-leaved album; could she write such utter absurdity in ten minutes as "Miss Alfred" has treated us to? We think not. And this is the poetical Dagon, before whose shrine educated Englishmen should bow in reverence. This is the bard who should be enrolled amongst the glorious choir, where shine Moore and Byron, and gentle Goldsmith, fiery Keats and mystic Shelley, where Tom Hood's genial humour and Cowper's solemn pathos twine together in loving embrace!

"A Welcome to Alexandra" may be excused if rather lame: all poems written to order are so. On such auspicious occasions as the present, the Laureate must supply the requisite amount of verses, be they foolish or otherwise.

"Last scene of all," we have the poet's experiments in English metre, etc.; the first of which, "Boädicea," is very fiery and vigorous, and contains some fine sounding lines; but still the English language sounds very unnatural when forced into classic measure. You can teach an ass to dance the polka, probably, with great pains, but it does not make the exhibition a whit the more graceful. These lines are no inapt specimens of the poet's experiment:

"So the Queen Boädicea, standing loftily charioted,  
 Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,  
 Yell'd and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility.  
 Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,  
 Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments,  
 Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,  
 Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,  
 Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory."

These lines do certainly ring out bravely on the ear, and may make the blood thrill, but I would respectfully place by their side Macaulay's "Irny," or "The Armada," and then request the reader's impartial decision.

Not willingly would we conclude this notice without touching on the last, but not least, of the experiments—the translation from the *Iliad*. Undeniably, it is the best ever written, and, by its extreme shortness, makes us regret that the poet should not have turned his attention to classical translation more than he has. Rest assured he may, that he can find no nobler theme than Homer's deathless Epic whereon to employ his talents.

And now our attempted criticism has reached its close, and we take our leave of "Enoch Arden," not without a sigh of regret as we look back upon the glorious days of yore when Byron and Moore entranced the world with their lays; and, later still, when Præd and Clough and Moir strove to reclaim the national taste from the sensational to the really poetical and truthful element—strove to teach us that poetry consists not of false ideas strung together in mystical language, but of heartfelt thoughts, communion with the beautiful and holy in nature, wedded to musical language and pure style. Aye, and we cannot help thinking of the time when even Alfred Tennyson was held in deserved estimation; when people wept over the beautiful, mournful "New Year's Day," or were thrilled by the glorious pageantry of the "Idylls of the King," following the dreamy procession of the "lily maid of Astolat," as she glided down the stream; fascinated by the gorgeous colouring of "Vivien," or the sorrows of hapless Guinevere; whereas, now, they can do nought but laugh at the silly, absurd, meaningless farrago which is foisted off upon them as English poetry.

GWYNETH.



## THE SNAGGLETON LETTERS :

COMPRISING MANY INTERESTING PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF  
THE HIGHLY-RESPECTABLE FAMILY OF THE SNAGGLETONS.

### LETTER IV.

MISS PRISCILLA SNAGGLETON UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.

*To Mrs. Snaggleton, Panama Villa, Hackney.*

PROSPECT PLACE, PECKHAM.

DEAR MRS. S.,—I have not written to you for a long time nor was it to be supposed that I should when you haven't taken the trouble to do as much for me, it not being of course obligatory quite the contrary, but what I mean is that not having written I'm going to now. You won't care to hear much about me I daresay not having shown any interest since you married my brother Joshua and least of all having come into a fortune which does make a great difference it's true but not so much as to displace natural affection ; but after all there's better subjects than self to talk about, being as we are weak worms and likewise ashes, though it seems strange how we can be both at one time. I may say a word however as to my troubles since I was weak and likewise worldly enough to let lodgings which is a snare of the destroyer and a pit-fall for such as go therein. Them as lets lodgings is not born with a silver spoon in their mouths or in their plate-basket either, that's certain. To tell you what I've endured through letting my front parlour to a foreign Baron which wasn't a Baron but used to spit horrible and turned out a swindler, not to speak of a quiet gentleman supposed to be a clergyman but proving a maniac and removed as such by keepers, would be more than mortal pen and ink could do. We learn lessons however Mrs. S. by these things and we learn to despise the lucre of gain as Mr. Jowler says, though I'm free to say that having three table-spoons melted down, by that good-for-nothing Baron who never paid any rent either was annoying and not tending to a Christian frame.

It's about other things though that I was going to write to you. There's those newspapers ! I declare the way these papers goes on is a sin and a shame, when I'm a reading of 'em over my cup of tea of a morning I'm fit to drop sometimes from the things as I find there. Such fires and murders, and Blondins and American bobberies and railways a coming undermining your very bed-room, and ballooning and such like sinfulness, I wonder I don't have indigestion every day from reading about 'em. There's that Blondin now—I haven't patience with

him ; what does he mean by going and risking his life and getting up where he was never meant to go, and frightening quiet people to death, and encouraging a flock of idle creatures to go gaping and staring after him ! let alone teaching all the little boys in the streets to go balancing themselves on iron bars and breaking there precious necks ? Why don't the law step in and prevent it, that's what I want to know ? They can take up those poor organ-men who I likes for my own part and who plays beautiful at times and what Bass's Pale Ale had got to do with it I can't see, and why don't the law take up Blondin and such like dangerous characters ? I haven't heard of him lately, I'm sure I hope he's been taken into custody somewhere abroad and clapped under lock and key.

Then another thing I want to know is why that sinful ballooning aint put a stop to. Do you mean to tell me that it aint a direct sin to go flying up in the clouds like that and pitching out sand into people's eyes and likewise papers which I suppose is another way of advertising, which is alarming in its way. I mean to say as it is, and nothing shall convince me that it aint no, not if you was to talk for six weeks about it, and tell me as those dratted papers do about "scientific experiences," experiences indeed ! why can't they get experience enough on the earth without going gallivanting up to the moon, who knows what sort of things there may be up there depend upon it it's much better to leave them parts alone.

As for them railways, my dear, it's a subject as I approaches with a kind of awe, they are that awful and that close to one that one never knows when one's on one and as for knowing where one's going to by 'em it's not to be expected that anybody can, when the very engine-drivers don't know themselves which I hear is the case. I only wish I was in Parliament for a month or two I'd say a word or two on railways, what do they mean I should like to know by putting a lot of nasty noisy dangerous things as is always given to blow up and is always a whistling night and day close by a quiet respectable person's house, who can recollect when there weren't no such things as railroads, and people was contented to go by coach which was far pleasanter and you got a decent lunch then and not dry bone-dust and scalding soup which you can't drink in consequence of a bell ringing likewise having your appetite taken away by an impudent young hussy in ringlets who wants shaking and oughtn't to be allowed to annoy people older and better than the likes of her. They're always sending papers about these railways to know if I object to the opening of a new Universal West of London Junction for communicating with H. Tate, Whitechapel and the Crystal Palace, and next day whether I object to have a line through my back-garden knocking down the wash-house and going to every place I ever heard of and a many more besides. I always writes 'em a stinger to say that I do object and if there was any law in the country they'd be punished for trying on such games but it don't seem to do much good.

I suppose one reason they want so many railroads is to thin the population, and sure enough they'll do it, for what with the regular accidents as happens perpetually now there's no travelling with a man without being murdered and you may scream yourself hoarse for what the guards care and the station-masters is worse.

I don't think I've heard from you since the Exhibition which they say is coming down. I recollect seeing you there with Joshua S. but being with fine friends was not noticed which is of no consequence only showing as fine feathers make fine birds and tends to the extinguishing of the bonds of affection which is sad. If you ask me my opinion as to that Exhibition I shall tell you at once that I think it was a shame yes and a sinful shame to go spending such a lot of money on a trumpery great place like that, when it might have been so much better laid out for instance in missions which the mission to the Chuck-Chuckee Indians is most worthy of support and greatly in want of funds, Mr. Jowler being the secretary. Then the statues about that sinful building were a disgrace to them as put 'em there and so I'd tell the Commissioners to their faces even if so be as there are baronights amongst 'em. The pictures was good though the subjects of many was unpleasant and give to make your flesh creep as was the two men in bed all bloody, and the dead man with a face that made me screech right out, and I should do it again if I was to see it to-morrow. The people kept saying that such and such a picture was a "cheff dover,"\* I never heard of so many pictures having one name, but perhaps it was the man as painted 'em. That scented fountain was all a piece of humbug I think, what's the good of a thing that don't scent your handkerchief but only wet it and make it unpleasant?

I think I heard that you had been taking the girls to the theayter lately. Jemima Snaggleton do you know what you're a doing of? Do you know that your a training up them young plants in the way they shouldn't go which is the root of all evil and a falling away from those gifts as is give to us likewise a going over to the enemy. I enclose a packet of Mr. Jowler's tracks for the sinful and weak, and I have marked the one on 'Whited Sepulchres,' which is about theayters and the going's on there. May you and yours profit it by 'em.—I am, dear Mrs. S., yours truly,

PRISCILLA SNAGGLETON.

\* I presume that Miss Snaggleton, whose education is rather 'old-world,' means a *chef-d'œuvre*.—ED. OF THE SNAGGLETON LETTERS.

## Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

### OCTOBER 1ST.—SATURDAY.

*Coloured Gas.*—An ingenious Englishman was permitted to try some experiments at the gas-works at Malines last week, the most successful of which was the sudden appearance, throughout the city, of a beautiful clear red light, which threw around rays of the most brilliant description. It is said that, by the addition to the gasometer of some chemical salts, an increase of light and changes of colour can be instantaneously produced. On Sunday it is announced, to the great delight of the population of Malines, that some further experiments are to be exhibited.

*A Car for the Sultan's Favourite Son.*—The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* writes:—"I saw the most wonderful sort of fairy car, last week, at a coach-builder's in the Champs Elysées. It was gold and scarlet, and purple and fine linen, with silver axle-trees. 'Might I ask who is the happy person who is going to be conveyed in that elegant structure?' I inquired politely of M. Carrossier, and I found that it was going out for the Sultan's favourite son."

### OCTOBER 2D.—SUNDAY.

### OCTOBER 3D.—MONDAY.

*The Late Mr. Thackeray.*—A correspondent favours the *Inverness Courier* with the following communication:—"I have received a very interesting little tract of some thirty pages from America, printed for private circulation only, and containing a few letters of Thackeray, written to the Hon. W. B. Reed, an intimate friend of W. M. T. There are some beautiful passages in them, and I transcribe some lines from one of them for you, as they illustrate so touchingly our feelings at his own death. He was writing ('8th November 1854') to Mr. Reed on the latter's loss of a brother:—"The ghostly struggle over, who would pity any one that departs? It is the survivors one commiserates in the case of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as he seemed, whom God Almighty has just called back to Himself. He appeared to me to have all the sweet domestic virtues, which make the pang of parting only the more cruel to those who are left behind; but that loss, what a gain to him! A just man summoned by God, for what purpose can he go but to meet the Divine love and goodness? I never think about deploring such; and as you and I send for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how much more *Pater Noster*!" I did not know until I read these letters, that Thackeray once asked Lord Clarendon for the Secretaryship to the British Legation at Washington. He was answered most kindly, he says, but told—first, that the place was filled up; and, secondly, that it would not be fair to give it 'out of the service.' When I return to town we are going to hold a meeting and at once arrange for completing the memorial. The Dean of Westminster has suggested a place close behind the statue of Addison."

*Getting Fat on Sugar.*—Mr. J. J. Meehi confirms a statement made by Mr. Banting that sugar produces corpulency. He says:—Some time before that gentleman published his case, I found myself getting too "aldermanic," in spite of severe exercise. Hearing casually that a very stout lady had diminished to genteel proportions, by leaving off sugar in her tea and coffee, I followed her example, and found that I had lost fourteen pounds weight in six weeks—very much to my comfort. The quantity of sugar I usually consumed was under one and a half ounce daily. As I much prefer my tea and coffee sweetened, I again ventured moderately, and soon gained seven pounds; so now I regulate my weight principally by the use or discontinuance of sugar. The ready solubility of this saccharine matter permits it to be absorbed immediately by the system. I hope that my agricultural friends who wish to farm profitably by the rapid fattening of their cattle and other live stock will take the hint. The scarcity of roots this season will render the use of treacle, sugar-pods, linseed, and other saccharine and oleaginous substances absolutely necessary, mixed with straw, chaff, or bulky substances.

**OBITUARY.**—Mr. Charles Winston, whose sudden death at his chambers in the Temple took place, this day, in his 50th year, was the eldest son of the Rev. Benjamin Winston, who, for upwards of thirty years, till he resigned it in 1848, held the living of Farningham in Kent. His name was originally Sandford, but in compliance with the will of his maternal grandfather, Charles Winston, formerly Attorney-General of Dominica, he assumed the name of Winston. His son, Charles, was born in 1814, and at the age of twenty or twenty-one was entered at the Inner Temple, where he practised as a special pleader, till called to the bar in 1845. Of his professional career, which was most successfully devoted to the duties of arbitrator in many difficult and complicated cases, we have but to mention that no single decision of his has ever been sought to be set aside. In May last he married the youngest daughter of the late Philip Raoul Lemprière, Esq. of Rozel Manor, Jersey. Mr. Winston published in 1847, in two volumes octavo, "*Inquiry into Styles of Ancient Painted Glass*," and in 1849, a companion volume, "*Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass*," books of the highest authority on that subject, and acknowledged as such, not only in England, but in France and Germany as well. With his refined taste and matured judgment in this branch of art, he greatly assisted in the execution of the painted windows in Glasgow Cathedral, and spared no time or trouble in giving his active co-operation both on artistic and scientific points to those in preparation for St. Paul's. At the time of his decease he was engaged in a correspondence with the director of the Munich establishment, relative to the manufacture of the coloured glass intended to be used in these windows, his acquaintance with chemistry, which was anything but superficial, enabling him to offer the most valuable suggestions. He caused specimens of ancient glass to be analyzed, and the prosecution of the experiments which he instituted bids fair to secure, by scientific combinations, the rich effects which, with the mediæval glass-painters, were probably the result of accident or of positive imperfections in their material. His drawings from painted glass show, not only unrivalled skill in the management of colour, but a keen and vivid perception of the spirit of the originals; indeed, they may be looked upon as perfect fac-similes. In private life his personal character and social qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends who sincerely mourn his loss.



## OCTOBER 4TH.—TUESDAY.

*George Thompson*, orator, philanthropist, and ex-M.P., has settled down in America, and is making a fortune there, having the patent for manufacturing Bryant and May's celebrated lucifers. He gives his manager a salary of £800 a year.

*The "Athenæum" and the Wigtown Martyrs.*—The *Athenæum* of Saturday has the following :—"When our Scotch correspondent maintained the fact of the martyrdom of the women M'Laughlan and Wilson, at Wigtown, he referred us to a work which, as we find, enables us to cordially agree with him, without changing our own opinion. 'K' says 'The death of M'Laughlan and Wilson hardly equals in atrocity the murder of Beatrix Laing (see Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland," vol. iii., p. 302), by the mob of Pittenweem, the year after Bailie M'Keand was taken to task.' This Beatrix Laing was accused of witchcraft, confessed her guilt under pressure of torture, re-affirmed her innocence when relieved from her pains, and was set at liberty, under security, by an order from the Privy Council. At first, she was afraid of returning to Pittenweem; but ultimately she took courage, and did return. Of her fate there, to which we are referred, the following account is given in the passage indicated: 'Wherefore it became necessary for her to apply to the Privy Council for a protection. By that court an order was accordingly issued to the Pittenweem Magistrates, commanding them to defend her from any tumults, insults, or violence that might be offered to her.' Therewith ends all reference to Beatrix Laing, whose case, as our Scotch correspondent thinks, and as we think, though in another sense, has some affinity to that of the pseudo-martyrs of Wigtown."

**OBITUARY.**—John Richardson, Esquire of Kirklands, died this day. He removed early in life to London, where he gained great eminence as a Parliamentary agent; from his earliest youth he found his chief delight in literature, and was the constant correspondent of James Grahame and Thomas Campbell.

## OCTOBER 5TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Autographs of Shakespeare.*—Mr. Partridge, of Wellington, Salop, claims to have bought, in a parcel of waste paper, a couple of autographs of Shakespeare. They are said to occur in a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, black letter, date 1596. At the foot of one page appear the words "William Shakspeare," and on another page "W. Shakspear, 1600." The signatures are said to be in "the ink of the period."

*Important Discovery in Photography.*—A great advance is said to have been recently made in photography. Photographs by any process now used fade. A German named Wothly has, however, discovered one which gives exquisite pictures that do not fade. At least, water, sun, and wind have no effect upon them, and it only remains to be ascertained what injury time may do. The process has been purchased and patented by a company, headed by Colonel Stuart Wortley, who, himself perhaps the best among amateur photographers, quite believes in the invention. Should it realise expectation, it will remain only to fix colour to bring the art to perfection.

## OCTOBER 6TH.—THURSDAY.

*The Englishman and his Pic.*—A Paris letter says :—Free trade with foreign nations has made, and is still making, considerable progress; and it is certainly curious to see towns subjected to the strictest protection whilst the frontiers are being opened up. Some English gentlemen went down to the races at Roubaix, the other day, and one, with the caution of his countrymen, and fearing that Roubaix might not be able to afford subsistence to a large influx of visitors, took with him a meat pie. In going into the town he was charged fifteen sous; and

as he left the place with his pie untouched, the money was returned to him. He passed then through another town where the pie was again taxed at one gate and the tax refunded at another, and finally he returned to Paris where he paid the *octroi* duty, and where it is to be hoped he was allowed to eat his pie in peace."

**OBITUARY.**—Died this day, Welham Tait, Esq., "formerly and long known to the public as a publisher and a politician. His age was 72.

#### OCTOBER 7TH.—FRIDAY.

**New Gun.**—A gun of entirely novel construction has been invented and patented by Major-General Hutchinson, and, if successful, great changes will take place in the construction of much of our ordnance. The objects sought to be accomplished in the new gun are: First, that it shall weigh little more than 20 times instead of 800 times the weight of the shot, as is usual; second, that without friction it shall impart rapid rotation to the shot; third, that the shot shall be of the form best adapted for penetrating the air and targets; and, lastly, that it shall leave no vacuum behind it, and not ricochet when it strikes water. A few experiments have been made at Plymouth, which have been so far satisfactory. The gun is like a lengthened mortar, and the shot is termed a disc shot. The inventor asserts that a gun weighing no more than the ordinary 68-pounder will discharge a 600-pound disc.

**Full-Length Lithographic Portrait of the French Emperor.**—An interesting full-length lithographic portrait of the Emperor, size of life, is now to be seen in Paris. The colossal stone on which the drawing is made was extracted expressly from the quarries of Vigan, in the Gard, while the press used in taking the impressions is more than eighteen feet in length. The sheets of paper employed are eight feet and a-half long; and so much time and care are required in striking off each impression that not more than one in twenty of the proofs is good. Those which happen to be successful are, however, remarkable for their vigour and clearness of outline.

#### OCTOBER 8TH.—SATURDAY.

**Captain Speke's Last Letter.**—The following is a copy of an unfinished letter which was found among the gallant and lamented gentleman's papers, and which, it is believed, contains the last words he ever wrote:—"Neston Park, Corsham, September 14.—Dear Mr. Tinné,—I have been delighted by seeing the way in which you have been handling the Nile question in the *Times* of the 12th. The ladies' accounts of the way they were treated by those ruffians up there is a perfect picture, as far as it goes, of the true state of the system practised in those lands. There is one other reason not alluded to, which must have operated to thwart the ladies' designs—viz, the jealousy the traders are so susceptible to, of any one prying into the nature of the country they have appropriated to themselves. Pray do keep working this subject, for no one can do it better than yourself. No doubt, indeed, a consul is much wanted in the Soudan; but then he should not be a trader, for no one can trade honestly in those regions. I have great fears about the fate of Baker. He ordered Petherick to place a boat for him at Gondokoro this and last year. The boat was there, and the men with whom Baker went into the interior must have returned to that port, else we could not have heard of Baker's having gone to Unyoro. This being necessarily the case, how is it that Baker did not send a line by them to Petherick, unless some foul play can answer the question? For the love of those you have lost, do bring retribution on the miscreants who occasioned it. There is no richer land in the world than the equatorial regions, and nothing of more importance to the interests of Egypt, as well as our own merchants, than that of opening up those lands to legitimate commerce."

OCTOBER 9TH.—SUNDAY.

OCTOBER 10TH.—MONDAY.

*The First Railway Train into the City of London.*—On Thursday morning, the first train to the new Ludgate Station passed over the new railway bridge at Blackfriars. The trial was perfectly successful, and there can be no doubt that these works have been as satisfactory as it is possible for mechanical skill and vast resources of capital to make them. The bridge itself is a noble example of the ornamental uses to which iron may be applied.

*Cotton from Mauritius.*—Captain Bowie, of the ship *Africa*, just arrived in the Mersey from Mauritius, has brought with him several beautiful specimens of wild grown cotton gathered on the island. The cotton is of very fine staple, and, with a little care and cultivation, would far exceed the ordinary Surat. Captain Bowie says the cotton grows wild all over the island, the natives being evidently unaware of its value.

*Anatomy in the East.*—From the last general report on public instruction in the Lower Provinces of the Bengal Presidency, which has just reached England, Dr. Norman Chevers, the Principal of the Medical College, states that the number of bodies dissected during the year amounted to 1112, an extraordinary fact, when it is considered that only a few years ago a native gentleman lost his caste by touching a dead body.

**OBITUARY.**—Count Horace De Vicilcastel, grand-nephew of Mirabeau, member of a very old French family, and well known in Paris as a writer of fiction, also on art and archaeology, and as a journalist, died last week.

OCTOBER 11TH.—TUESDAY.

*The Aberdeen Strawberry Trade.*—As most people who are acquainted with this city know, the Aberdeen market gardeners have for long been highly successful cultivators of the strawberry. In respect to bulk and flavour, the varieties of this excellent fruit grown by them will hardly be exceeded. Few people, however, we believe, have any very tangible notion of the actual extent to which the cultivation of the strawberry has grown. We usually think of strawberries in pints or quarts, not in hundredweights and tons: yet strawberries by the ton have become an actual item of export. And during the present season, the quantity brought into the market and sent southward, chiefly to London, to be manufactured into preserves, amounted to about thirty-five tons! This is independent of considerable quantities used at home, for the manufacture of "preserves," on the wholesale principle, and for ordinary domestic use, etc., which must have brought up the total quantity to something like fifty tons. And, if we take into account that a ton of strawberries is worth from £25 to £30 (probably only smaller quantities reaching the latter rate) it will be seen that this has become no unimportant branch of market-gardening. It is a branch, moreover, that promises to extend. It is only a few years since strawberries began to be exported southward at all; but the demand is, we understand, very keen, and even beyond the supply, and contracts to the extent of thirty tons have been already entered into for next season, while some of the principal growers are considerably extending the breadth they have under cultivation. Of the strawberries preserved by wholesale "curers," no inconsiderable part are exported to the Continent, and some even to India.

*Immanuel Kant.*—The new statue to the celebrated philosopher Immanuel Kant, has been erected in Königsberg. It will be inaugurated, probably by the Crown Prince of Prussia, on the 18th October.

## OCTOBER 12TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*M. Rénan.*—The *Correspondance Littéraire* states that M. Rénan is about to leave for Asia to visit the places which were the theatre of the greater part of the life of St. Paul. A new work of M. Rénan's is to be devoted to the preaching of the apostles.

*New Evening Journal.*—It is rumoured that a new evening journal is shortly to be published in London, and that a capital of £10,000 has been already subscribed for its support. It is further said that some novel features are to distinguish it from all other evening sheets.

*OBITUARY.*—The Paris journals announce the death of the well-known lithotritic doctor, Baron De Heurteloup.

## OCTOBER 13TH.—THURSDAY.

*Flint Hatchets.*—We are informed of the discovery of an immense deposit of flint implements, in the district of Grand Pressigny, near Poitiers. M. Bourgeois, who has recently visited the place, has written a letter to Mr. Milne Edwards on the subject, chiefly with a view to determine the period of the age of stone to which these relics belong. In his opinion the hatchets of the quaternary period may be referred to three principal types—1. The lance-shaped type, frequently met with in the drifts of the Somme, and other similar deposits; 2. The oval type, which is rarer, but always associated with the former; and 3. The subtriangular type, which is smaller, thinner, and in most cases of better workmanship. M. Bourgeois has found this form, in the grotto of La Chaise (Charente), with the reindeer, the aurochs, the rhinoceros, tichorhinus, and the hyena spelea, but it is not common in caverns. All these quaternary hatchets are easily distinguishable from the much more recent hatchets commonly called Celtic. In the former it is always the small end which is intended to cut, while in the others the big end is chosen. Between the hatchets of the quaternary period, and the polished ones of the Celtic period, the rough hatchets of the Somme and those of the Kjøkkenmoddings of Denmark should be chronologically placed. The flint hatchets of La Claisière (Grand Pressigny) are nearly all of prodigious dimensions, there being some not less than 14 inches in length, and weighing as much as 8 kilogrammes. Splinters of the length of 12 inches appear to have been struck off from them at a single blow, and with great boldness. Among the four or five varieties they offer, two belong to the age of the peat-deposits of the Somme. These triangular prisms, ending like scrapers, exist at La Claisière, only differing from those of the Somme by more considerable dimensions. The form of these implements, and their excellent workmanship lead to the belief that they belong to the same age as those discovered near Abbeville by M. Boucher de Perthes.

"*Naaman.*"—We understand that Mr. Costa, at the request of Her Majesty, has dedicated his oratorio of "Naaman," performed for the first time at the Birmingham Festival, to the memory of the late Prince Consort, who, it is said, took great interest in the selection and treatment of the theme Mr. Costa has so successfully handled.

## OCTOBER 14TH.—FRIDAY.

*The Authorship of Peter Parley's Tales.*—The "Flaneur," in the *Star*, says:—At a time when the books to be given to boys in the ensuing Christmas holidays are all in preparation, a word about the recent controversy as to the authorship of those singularly popular volumes, the works of Peter Parley, will not be out of place. The identity of the person properly owning this *nom de plume* has been disputed in some quarters with great acrimony. There has been a Tegg party, and an anti-Tegg party, and, like those anonymous gentlemen whose

dispute on the colour of the chameleon gained them undying celebrity, both have been right, and both have been wrong. The original suggester of the books was undoubtedly Mr. Goodrich, an American author, who, while on a visit to this country, proposed the plan to the late Mr. Tegg, and offered to supply the MS., his terms being a royalty of one penny on every copy sold. When the manuscript came from America, it was found to be so full of Yankeeisms, strange sayings, and words unintelligible at all events to the boys of this country, that a great portion of it had to be re-written by the present Mr. Tegg, who has had the same task to perform with all the succeeding books, and who, since Mr. Goodrich's death, some three or four years ago, has entirely revised the books, and written up such as required it to the latest discoveries and progress. To show the popularity of Peter Parley with youth, it may be mentioned, in payment of his loyalty of one penny a copy on the sale of one work alone, "Stories about Animals," Mr. Goodrich's first cheque received from Mr. Tegg was for £400.

## OCTOBER 15TH.—SATURDAY.

*Egyptian Kings anterior to Moses.*—About three years ago, M. Auguste Mariette discovered, at Sakharah, in the necropolis of Ancient Memphis, not far from the Great Pyramids, the funereal chapel of the tomb of two personages, called Nekht and Tounari. These personages filled important offices in Egypt under the reign of Rhameses II.—that is, about the time when Moses lived. The fact of this synchronism, by the way, asserted for the first time by the Vicomte E. de Rouge, is now confirmed by authentic testimonies of the existence of the Jews in Egypt under that reign, as M. Chabas has shown in his work on Egypt. To return to the chapel above alluded to, one of its walls is adorned with a bas-relief which contains a hieroglyphic list of eighty-five medallions containing the names of kings, arranged in two lines. This list has been called the table of Sakharah, and is the most important feature of the monument. M. Mariette has now, by continuing his excavations, discovered some fragments which were wanting to render it complete.

*Statue to Pope Urban IV.*—The town of Troyes, in Champagne, is about to erect a statue of Pope Urban IV., a native of that town, where his father was a shoemaker. Urban was elected Pope in 1261.

## OCTOBER 16TH.—SUNDAY.

## OCTOBER 17TH.—MONDAY.

*Singular Offer.*—The *Gironde* publishes the following curious circular :—"Monsieur, and Venerable Confere, —A rich family of my parish, cruelly tried by the loss of several of its members, wishes to meet with priests who will undertake to say masses for the deceased. Instead of money for payment, the parties wish to give Medoc wine of good quality, of which a sample would be probably forwarded at their expense. This is, as you will remark, a very favourable opportunity for procuring, without money payment, a wine which is justly appreciated by connoisseurs. White wine may also be had. Address to myself; or, if preferred, to M. Lucas, agent of M. Andron, at Civrac-Medoc, arrondissement of Lesparre (Gironde).—BUBOSO, Curé."

*Copenhagen Museum.*—A Copenhagen letter states that the Countess Danner, themorganatic widow of the late King, has presented to the museum of that capital the pictures and statues which had been left her, by her royal husband, with several other objects of art, and among them two magnificent porcelain vases, presented by the Emperor Napoleon.



*Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.*—Mr. J. A. Picton, President, in the chair. Dr. J. E. Grey and Professor Rolleston, M.D., F.R.S., were elected Honorary Members. The Rev. H. H. Higgins exhibited a collection of inscribed palm-leaves obtained from Rangoon, in Burmah, by Captain C. E. Pryce, Associate of the Society. The writing upon them was in the Pali language, and was illustrated by a beautiful illuminated work upon similar inscriptions from the Free Public Library. Mr. Picton observed that a beautiful and perfect Egyptian papyrus had been submitted to him during the recess by a Greek merchant of Liverpool, and had since been purchased by the British Museum. Mr. Greenwood exhibited on behalf of Mr. J. G. Hollingworth, of Sandon Street, a valuable and interesting collection of ancient documents, which attracted considerable attention. Mr. Moore exhibited numerous specimens from the Derby Museum, including a fine skeleton, recently mounted, and measuring fifteen feet in length, of the *Globocephalus svineval*, known to sailors and others as the black-fish, pilot-whale, bottle-head, etc. Mr. Moore also exhibited a stuffed specimen of the bat-fish, *Platax vespertilio*, part of a collection lately presented to the Museum by Captain Mackay, of the ship *Redfordshire*; also specimens, in spirit, of the same genus, forming part of a very extensive and valuable collection of fish, etc., from Singapore; also specimens of a new genus of frogs, forming part of a large collection of natural history specimens collected at Lagos and the neighbourhood by R. B. N. Walker, Esq., and presented by him to the Museum. This is an instance of the additions, often important, that may be made to science by collecting the commonest objects of a district as they are so generally neglected as often to be the least known. These frogs were found in abundance, in the tadpole state, in a pond adjoining the garden of Mr. Walker's residence; and, on some of them being submitted to Dr. Grey, of the British Museum, he immediately described them (in the "Annals of Natural History") as a new genus, under the name of *Silurana tropicalis*. They present a remarkable resemblance to certain fish of the Silurid family in the peculiar flat form of the head, and in the possession of long filamentous or beard-like processes from the lips. Mr. Moore also reported the occurrence of the short sun-fish, *Orthogoriscus mola*, at Southport.

## OCTOBER 18TH.—TUESDAY.

*Tobacco.*—Some idea of the enormous amount of smoking in the world may be formed from the facts, that one of the Brazilian mail packets recently brought home 6,000,000 cigars, and that the American mail steamer which left Southampton last week, landed before her departure 2000 bales of unmanufactured leaf tobacco. She had brought it from New York, took it on to Bremen, and without landing it there brought it to Southampton, whence it was sent to London to be shipped for the Peninsula.

*Safety of German Railways.*—Between the years 1849 and 1859 there was a collective total of 423,000,000 passengers forwarded on the German railways. Of this number only 21 persons were killed, and 176 injured, without any fault of their own; while the number of those whose own carelessness or rashness was the cause of their misfortunes, was 29 persons killed and 85 injured. Thus the deaths from all causes were 50 persons in 423,000,000, so that there was only one person killed out of every 8,500,000. If this result be compared with corresponding facts in connexion with British or American railways, it will be found that a man runs twenty times greater risk of losing his life when he travels by rail in England or the United States, than he does on German railways.

## OCTOBER 19TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Electric Telegraphy.*—The statistics of the telegraphic system in the United Kingdom—that is, of the telegraphs open to the public, for there are many purely

private lines—are remarkable and interesting. The capabilities and operations of the system have steadily increased year by year. In 1861 there were 11,528½ miles open; in 1862, 12,711½ miles; while last year the lines were extended to cover 13,892½ miles, which, however, consisted of 65,012½ miles of separate wires. The number of stations was increased in proportion, and last year there were 1755 open, containing 6196 instruments, through which about 3,400,000 messages were sent.

*Statues for British Museum.*—The British Museum have just received the statues from the Farnese Palace at Rome, recently purchased from His Majesty the ex-King of Naples. These statues are nine in number, and formed part of the celebrated Farnese collection.

*OBITUARY.*—Vice-Admiral Lord Somerville died this morning, at Newbold Comyn, Leamington. He was the seventeenth Baron Somerville, in the Peerage of Scotland. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Hugh, born October 11, 1839.

#### OCTOBER 20TH.—THURSDAY.

*General Rosencranz and the Ladies.*—In a special order issued lately from Missouri head quarters, General Rosencranz intimates that he has got possession of the letters of some young ladies, and states what he intends to do with them:—“The letters of Miss Bryant and Miss Mayfield will be published to warn thoughtful parents and teachers, whether Christian or not, of the fearful downward course of the youth of our State, when educated girls of respectable parents write such letters, and express sympathy with outlaws, thieves, and murderers, more degraded than the savages who murder the inhabitants of our frontier settlements.”

*Numismatic Society.*—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. Dickenson exhibited a coin of Henry VIII. with the numerals VII. Mr. Evans read a letter from the Rev. J. Marsden relative to a find of coins at Ipswich. Mr. Evans read a paper by himself, “On a Counterfeit Groat of Henry VIII. Mr. Williams read a paper “On an Example of Chinese Paper-currency of the Ming Dynasty,” being, from the evidence he adduced, the earliest paper-currency of which we have any record (1368-1398). Mr. Madden read a paper by himself, “On a Collection of Roman Gold Coins, presented by Edward Wigan, Esq., to the Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum;” in which he pointed out the value and importance of the gift, no donation of a similar kind, except that of Mr. de Salis in 1859, having ever been made to the Museum during the lifetime of the donor. Out of the 291 coins selected for the Museum, there are no less than 59 only existing in this collection, including some of the greatest rarities of the Roman series. The total value of the collection, as given by M. Cohen in his work on Roman coins, amounts to 79,924 francs, or about £4000; but there is not much doubt that many of the specimens are undervalued.

*OBITUARY.*—M. Thillet, one of the most distinguished officers of the old imperial army, has just died at Neuilly-sur-Seine, in the 80th year of his age. He had the good fortune to make his way through the allied English and Spanish army, which blockaded the fortress of Almeida, and to convey to General Brenier, who commanded the garrison, an order from Marshal Massena to blow up the works and retire with his troops. The order was executed, and General Brenier succeeded in joining Massena with 1200 men. Twelve soldiers who had attempted to perform the same service before Thillet were captured by the Spaniards and hanged.

## OCTOBER 21ST.—FRIDAY.

*The Trade of Paris.*—The total amount of exports from Paris is 347 millions of francs. The number of workmen in Paris is 290,759, receiving salaries varying from 3*f.* to 20*f.* a-day, but generally ranging between the limits of 3*f.* 25*c.* and 6*f.* The number of workwomen is 106,310; their salaries vary from 1*f.* 25*c.* to 10*f.*, but the latter figure is exceptional. About 25,000 earn 2*f.*; 18,000, 2*f.* 50*c.*; and only 1160 earn 4*f.* Fanmakers export 88 per cent. of their manufacture; glovers, 51 per cent.; dressing-case makers, 41 per cent.; jewellers and perfumers, 33 per cent.; printsellers, 25 per cent. There are in Paris 768 cabinetmakers, chiefly inhabiting the Faubourg St Antoine; metallurgy (locksmiths and ornamental iron works are, I presume, meant) is represented in the same quarter by 767 manufacturers, and by 614 in the Quartier du Temple, the centre of bronzes and goldsmith's work. Printing, engraving, and stationery are chiefly concentrated on the left bank, in the quarter of the schools. In 1849, the trades of Paris produced 1,430,000,000*f.*; they now produce about 3,369,000,000*f.*

*German Censorship.*—Herr Dohm, the editor of *Kladderadatsch*, the leading facetious paper of Prussia was recently condemned to five weeks' imprisonment by the Prussian courts for having published in his paper a few satirical verses on the Princess of Reuss and the inhabitants of that principality, on whom a tax has just been imposed in order to supply Her Serene Highness with a marriage portion. By a treaty of long standing between the various Governments of Germany editors in any one State publishing anything insulting or disagreeable to the sovereign of another are liable to the same penalties as in the case of their own sovereign.

## OCTOBER 22D.—SATURDAY.

*How Words are Made.*—The *Figaro Programme* gives the following account of the origin of the popular word *chic*, so generally used to express a high degree of perfection in works of art, etc. The celebrated painter, David, at the beginning of the present century, gave lessons to young artists, and was paid high prices; but when a pupil, the son of poor parents, showed proofs of unusual talent, the painter willingly gave his lessons gratis. One of his pupils named Chicque, the son of a fruiterer, displayed so much talent in his studies in oil-painting, that he became a special favourite, and David always expressed his conviction that the lad would become an eminent artist, and do honour to his school. To David's great grief, Chicque died at the age of eighteen. From that time the great painter was in the habit of saying of a bad study, "Chicque would not have done like that;" or of a good one, "This reminds me of Chicque." The word thus became, among his pupils, a general term for excellence; and being constantly used by them in places of public resort, it gradually passed into the popular vocabulary, and was adopted by writers who suppressed the last syllable and spelled it *chic*.

## OCTOBER 23D.—SUNDAY.

## OCTOBER 24TH.—MONDAY.

*Professor Jowett.*—The vexed question of the increase of Professor Jowett's salary will be again brought forward before the University of Oxford this week, and should it pass the Hebdomadal Council, another exciting contest may be expected in Convocation.

*New Mode of Lighting Churches.*—In the Oranienburgh Street, Berlin, a few doors from the house in which the great Humboldt ended his days, the Jews of the city have just completed a new synagogue, the gilded dome of which is seen to great advantage as you approach from the Northern Railway. The building is

Byzantine in style, and the exterior is faced with coloured stone. The temple, which rises to a height of 85 feet, contains 3000 sittings, and is now receiving frescoes on its walls, and stained glass throughout. A novel mode of lighting by gas has here been adopted; a space of about a foot has been left between the outer plain glass windows, and the inner stained glass; this space has been provided with the necessary ingress of fresh and egress of hot air; and the gas burners are here placed after the manner of transparencies, thus avoiding the glare and heat produced by gas. The light diffused by this means is said to have a magic effect, and might, perhaps, be worthy of imitation.

## OCTOBER 25TH.—TUESDAY.

*The New Declaration.*—It appears that efforts are still being made by certain "students in science" to procure signatures to the declaration against free inquiry. Since Sir John Herschell's letter appeared in the *Athenæum*, it has been no easy work. Professor Owen has refused to sign. Many others, scarcely less eminent, have followed Herschell and Owen. The value of a scientific protest, in which the great chiefs of science—Herschell, Owen, Faraday, Whewell, Airy, Lyell, Murchison, Tyndall, Sabine—refuse to join, may be imagined.

*The Davenport Brothers Outdone.*—The Calcutta superintendent of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, writing under date September 22, says:—"One of the greatest curiosities of the day—a somnambulist steward—goes home in the Mooltan. No matter how securely he may be bound with cords, he undoes everything, and walks about while fast asleep. Last night we fastened him to the ship's butcher, but he loosened himself without awakening the man, got on deck, and was very nearly overboard. The man is a constant source of anxiety to all on board the Mooltan."

## OCTOBER 26TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*News by Telegraph.*—Several of the Paris journals speak in severe terms of the very careless and unintelligible manner in which the *Agence Havas* performs its duty towards the Paris journals, at the same time that it makes them pay an exceedingly large sum for the imperfect information given. In the present instance, the adjournment of the sittings of the Italian Parliament was so announced as to cause great alarm, and to produce a considerable fall in securities in Paris after Bourse hours on Tuesday.

*The Italian Postal System.*—The Turin correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing on the subject of the Italian postal system, says:—"What a blessing it would be for both residents and visitors, if Italy, in the course of her rapid progress, would develop a Rowland Hill, for at present the postal arrangements are sometimes very harrowing to Saxons accustomed to getting their letters. I went daily to the Post-office at Naples for my letters, but was told there were none; when I learned afterwards there were not only letters and papers, but a telegram of the utmost importance, lying there for three days, whilst they were telling me there was nothing for me."

## OCTOBER 27TH.—THURSDAY.

*Chain Armour for the English Navy.*—An official order has been issued from the Controller's Office of the Admiralty, directing that all such of Her Majesty's ships in the several dockyards that are not fitted to carry armour-plating shall be at once fitted with eyebolts on the outside of the ship's hull, three feet apart, in the wake of the ship's boilers and engines; so that, in the event of the ship going into action with an enemy, Her Majesty's ships may sling their chain cables over their sides in imitation of the Federal American frigate Kearsarge in her recent action with the Confederate American corvette Alabama. On this order the *Times* remarks:—"If the British Board of Admiralty had no experience to

guide them in such matters, this order might pass without further notice ; but with the facts before them that chain armour for ships has failed beyond all other armour, tested by Her Majesty's ship *Excellent* at Portsmouth, and on other testing grounds, this order to copy from the American navy is totally inexplicable. The order received at Portsmouth directs that the three-decked screw steamship *Victoria* is to be fitted with these eyebolts for chain armour cables previous to commission."

## OCTOBER 28TH.—FRIDAY.

*Mr. Herbert, R.A.*, left England for the East on Saturday last, to remain there some months, with a view to collect materials for the execution of other works of a similar character to that which has excited so much admiration in the Peers' Robing Room. *Mr. Herbert* is accompanied by his son, *Wilfred*, who is an artist of much promise.

## OCTOBER 29TH.—SATURDAY.

"*On a New Method of Extracting Gold from Auriferous Ores.*" By F. C. Calvert.—

This method was based upon the fact that gold is more readily attacked by nascent chlorine than by free chlorine. The gold ore, reduced to a fine powder, was to be mixed with about one per cent. of peroxide of manganese, and then either salt and sulphuric acid or else hydrochloric acid was to be added to it. The author anticipated that one of the advantages of his method would consist in the recovery at the same time of copper and silver as well as gold.

"*On a Chemical Photometer for Meteorological Observation.*" By Professor Roscoe.—

By means of this instrument the daily curve of chemical intensity of the sunlight at any spot is obtained, the whole apparatus being of a very simple description.

"*On the Present Aspect of the Discussion respecting the Telescopic Appearance of the Sun's Photosphere.*" By the Rev. W. R. Dawes.—

A communication passing under review *Mr. Nasmyth's* various assertions, and much of the recent work undertaken with an object of proving or disproving them. *Mr. Dawes* does not accept *Mr. Nasmyth's* statement as any new discovery, especially if the "willow-leaves" are identical with *Mr. Stone's* "rice-grains," and considers the discussion to be reduced to these alternatives :—First, That the objects described by *Mr. Stone* as like "rice-grains," are not identical with those *Mr. Nasmyth* has compared to "willow-leaves," and therefore can afford no corroboration of *Mr. Nasmyth's* assumed "discovery ;" or, secondly, if they are the same, they are so easily seen as to have been well-known to *Sir W. Herschel* seventy years ago, and to others more recently, and are therefore no new discovery at all.

*The Children of Lutetia.*—The Empress of the French has, through her private Secretary, thanked *Mr. Blanchard Jerrold*, for his studies of the poor of the French capital. *Mr. Jerrold* is preparing a similar work on the poor and charities of Belgium and Holland.

OBITUARY.—*Mr. John Leech*, the chief illustrator of *Punch*, died this evening.

Like so many of his literary friends, associated with him in the same work—*Hood*, *Gilbert a'Beckett*, *Jerrold*, *Thackeray*—*Mr. Leech* has been cut off in middle life, being only 47 years of age. By his friends he was much loved and esteemed ; with the whole community he was, through his works a favourite and a friend. "Men of the Time," says *Mr. Leech* was of Irish extraction ; he was born in London in 1817, and educated at the Charterhouse school under *Dr. Russell*.

## OCTOBER 30TH.—SUNDAY.



OCTOBER 31ST.—MONDAY.

*Statue to Leech and Thackeray.*—Both Leech and Thackeray were educated at the Charterhouse, were schoolfellows there together, and both ever showed remarkable attachment to their old school. On the last Founder's Day they sat side by side in the Great Hall, where they were warmly greeted by many attached friends and old Carthusians. It is proposed to erect a monument to their joint memories within the walls of the Charterhouse, and the Rev. Dr. Currey of the Charterhouse has consented to receive contributions for this object.

*Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.*—The Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, V.-P., in the chair.—Mr. Thomas Jevons, Mr. J. K. Smith, Mr. Wm. Fearnside, and Mr. Wm. Bromham were elected Members, and the following gentlemen were elected Associates:—Captain Thompson, ship *Admiral Lyons*; Captain Edward Berry, ship *Charmer*; Captain Alexander Browne, steamship *Agia Sofia*; and Captain Whiteway, ship *Annie Chesshyre*.—Dr. Nevins explained, and illustrated by some curious sections and drawings, the remarkable form assumed by the stems of tree-ferns, whereby, although they only grow by their summits, they appear to be thicker at the base or commencement of growth than higher up the stem, owing to the accumulation of *ramentum* about the base to afford support to the superstructure. Mr. Moore exhibited a specimen of the *Hippocampus*, or sea-horse, in spirit. At the conclusion of the miscellaneous business, the Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, LL.D., read a paper, "On the Ancient Versions of the Bible."

## SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet's Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W.":

23 DE 64

A  
P  
Jour  
curre  
exter  
eopio  
T  
Gent  
the d  
OPIN  
B  
Busin  
the g  
may  
sacrif  
enun  
all in  
quest  
  
T  
of soc  
class,  
the da  
the m  
Artis  
while  
valua  
  
T  
in A  
post,  
News  
Order  
ON

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

32 Pages, PRICE TWOPENCE,

# PUBLIC OPINION.

A Comprehensive Epitome of Fact and Opinion.

**PUBLIC OPINION** gives the Comments of the various leading Journals—British, Colonial, and Continental—on all important current topics, an elaborate summary of Contemporary Events, an extensive selection of General Miscellaneous Intelligence, and a copious variety of Literary and Popular Reading.

To Politicians, Editors and Authors, the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry, Merchants and Manufacturers, and all who take an interest in the discussion of Political, Social and Commercial Questions, **PUBLIC OPINION** is invaluable.

British Residents on the Continent and in the Colonies, Men of Business, and persons who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the great questions that are ever engaging the attention of society, may obtain in **PUBLIC OPINION** (for a trifling sum, and at a small sacrifice of time) a judiciously-compressed *resumé* of the sentiments enunciated by the various leading Journals throughout the world on all important topics, thus obtaining a knowledge of every important question in all its various phases.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

*The extensive circulation attained by PUBLIC OPINION amongst all classes of society, renders it a valuable Advertising Medium. Appealing to no restricted class, but to the great body of persons interested in the discussion of the topics of the day; aiming to interest alike the Politician, the Clergyman, the Student, and the man of Business, it is peculiarly adapted for Advertisements of a Literary, Artistic, or Scientific nature, the announcements of Assurance Companies, etc., while its lighter pages, attractive to the various members of families, render it a valuable medium for general commercial firms.*

## SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Four Lines and under,	£0 2 6
Each Additional Line,	0 0 6

The Annual Subscription to **PUBLIC OPINION** (post-free, Payable in Advance) is 13s. It is published in time for Friday evening's post, and sold at all Railway Book-stalls and by all Booksellers and News-agents throughout the Kingdom and the Colonies. Post-office Orders to be made payable to J. K. SHARPE, Publisher.

OFFICE : 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

OCTOBER 31ST.—MONDAY.

*Statue to Leech and Thackeray.*—Both Leech and Thackeray were educated at the Charterhouse, were schoolfellows there together, and both ever showed remarkable attachment to their old school. On the last Founder's Day they sat side by side in the Great Hall, where they were warmly greeted by many attached friends and old Carthusians. It is proposed to erect a monument to their joint memories within the walls of the Charterhouse, and the Rev. Dr. Currey of the Charterhouse has consented to receive contributions for this object.

*Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.*—The Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, V.-P., in the chair.—Mr. Thomas Jevons, Mr. J. K. Smith, Mr. Wm. Fearnside, and Mr. Wm. Bromham were elected Members, and the following gentlemen were elected Associates:—Captain Thompson, ship *Admiral Lyons*; Captain Edward Berry, ship *Charmar*; Captain Alexander Browne, steamship *Agia Sofia*; and Captain Whiteway, ship *Annie Chesshyre*.—Dr. Nevins explained, and illustrated by some curious sections and drawings, the remarkable form assumed by the stems of tree-ferns, whereby, although they only grow by their summits, they appear to be thicker at the base or commencement of growth than higher up the stem, owing to the accumulation of *ramentum* about the base to afford support to the superstructure. Mr. Moore exhibited a specimen of the *Hippocampus*, or sea-horse, in spirit. At the conclusion of the miscellaneous business, the Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, LL.D., read a paper, "On the Ancient Versions of the Bible."

## SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet's Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W.;"

23 DE 64

A  
P  
Journ  
curren  
exten  
ecopio  
T  
Gentr  
the di  
OPIN  
B  
Busin  
the gr  
may c  
sacrifi  
enunc  
all im  
questi

Th  
of soci  
class, b  
the day  
the ma  
Artist  
while a  
valuab

T  
in A  
post,  
News  
Order  
OF

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

32 Pages, PRICE TWOPENCE,

# PUBLIC OPINION.

A Comprehensive Epitome of Fact and Opinion.

**PUBLIC OPINION** gives the Comments of the various leading Journals—British, Colonial, and Continental—on all important current topics, an elaborate summary of Contemporary Events, an extensive selection of General Miscellaneous Intelligence, and a copious variety of Literary and Popular Reading.

To Politicians, Editors and Authors, the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry, Merchants and Manufacturers, and all who take an interest in the discussion of Political, Social and Commercial Questions, **PUBLIC OPINION** is invaluable.

British Residents on the Continent and in the Colonies, Men of Business, and persons who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the great questions that are ever engaging the attention of society, may obtain in **PUBLIC OPINION** (for a trifling sum, and at a small sacrifice of time) a judiciously-compressed *resumé* of the sentiments enunciated by the various leading Journals throughout the world on all important topics, thus obtaining a knowledge of every important question in all its various phases.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

*The extensive circulation attained by PUBLIC OPINION amongst all classes of society, renders it a valuable Advertising Medium. Appealing to no restricted class, but to the great body of persons interested in the discussion of the topics of the day; aiming to interest alike the Politician, the Clergyman, the Student, and the man of Business, it is peculiarly adapted for Advertisements of a Literary, Artistic, or Scientific nature, the announcements of Assurance Companies, etc., while its lighter pages, attractive to the various members of families, render it a valuable medium for general commercial firms.*

## SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Four Lines and under,	£0 2 6
Each Additional Line,	0 0 6

The Annual Subscription to **PUBLIC OPINION** (post-free, *Payable in Advance*) is 13s. It is published in time for Friday evening's post, and sold at all Railway Book-stalls and by all Booksellers and News-agents throughout the Kingdom and the Colonies. Post-office Orders to be made payable to J. K. SHARPE, Publisher.

OFFICE : 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

# THE LONDON REVIEW

OF  
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, and Science.

Published every Saturday. 32 Pages.

PRICE 4d. UNSTAMPED. 5d. STAMPED.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, Post-free (payable in advance), ONE GUINEA.

**THE LONDON REVIEW**, established in 1860, comments, in a liberal and independent spirit, on public affairs and the incidents of social life, presents miscellaneous articles of instruction and amusement, reviews all the new books, criticises works of Art, and reports the contemporary progress of scientific discovery and invention.

In this Journal, each member of every educated English family may find the subject which specially interests him discussed in a genial and intelligent spirit. Its contents, contributed by able and experienced writers, embrace so large a field, and are written in such a style that, whilst they commend themselves to a refined literary taste, and to highly-cultivated minds, they are yet attractive to all ranks and classes of society.

In Politics, **THE LONDON REVIEW** is the organ of no party. It professes a liberal, but yet a constitutional, policy. It advocates the reform and enlargement, not the revolutionizing, of our institutions. It would preserve peace with other countries, but maintain the honour of our own. It would promote, by all legitimate means, the extension to all nations of the blessings of constitutional government. In ecclesiastical affairs, it maintains the principles of the Established Church, and seeks to extend the influence of the Church, and to adapt it to the wants of the population and of the age; but it does this in a friendly spirit towards other denominations.

**THE LONDON REVIEW** heartily allies itself with all judicious efforts for ameliorating the condition of the poor, whether physically, morally, intellectually, or religiously. It engages in the investigation of all those matters which are the common or debateable ground between the domains of Revelation and Science; but it does so in a reverent manner, with an unprejudiced desire to arrive at the truth, and from the stand-point of a sincere belief in Scripture, and of a conviction that its authority will not be impaired, but that its meaning will be elucidated, by the progress of scientific knowledge.

*THE LONDON REVIEW* is published in time for Friday evening's post, so as to reach Subscribers in all parts of the country by an early delivery on Saturday. It is sold at all Railway Bookstalls, and by all Booksellers and News-vendors throughout the country. A Single Copy Post-free, on receipt of Five Stamps.

Publisher and Manager, J. K. SHARPE, to whom Post-office Orders are to be made payable.

OFFICE: 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.